

*Mr. Geo. Barry*  
*Jan. 25. 1873.*

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS,  
THE PRODUCTIONS  
OF THE  
KINGDOM OF IRELAND:

Selected from a Collection published in that Kingdom,

INTITLED,  
The SHAMROCK;  
OR,  
HIBERNIAN CRESSES.

L O N D O N:

Printed for S. BLADON, No. 28, *Parer-noster Row.*  
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE following pieces are selected from a collection published a short time since in IRELAND, intituled "The SHAMROCK; or, HIBERNIAN CRESSES." In this selection, care has been taken to admit such pieces only as were distinguishable by their merit, as well as novelty. The soil of ENGLAND has been ever grateful to the productions of Genius of whatever country they might be the growth: we therefore flatter ourselves that the "CRESSES" will flourish in the same verdure on our ground, as in their native bed.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Few of the poems contained in this volume are known in this kingdom, but the major part not known at all: The rescuing so many excellent poems from oblivion, or at least confined to so small a spot as its own kingdom, was the design of this selection.

"Shakespeare, or the Poets of the  
In this selection, there has been taken to  
admit such pieces only as were distinguish-  
able by their merit, as well as novelty.  
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bed.



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COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS.

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THE  
THREE TRAVELLERS.

A TALE\*.

INSCRIBED TO THE  
Right Hon. Lady ELIZABETH,

AND  
Lady MARY BIRMINGHAM.

**A** Good repute, a virtuous name,  
Philosophers set forth,  
As the unerring path to fame,  
If fame consist in worth.

\* A spurious and very imperfect copy of this, and a few other poems inserted in the course of this work, may have been seen in print before.

This jewel, rarely to be found,  
 Sets merit full in view;  
 A moral glory shines around  
 Whate'er the virtuous do.

The precious ointment, gently shed,  
 O'er mental ills prevails;  
 And, where the fragrant med'cine's spread,  
 It animates and heals.

Yet hard it is to use it right,  
 Tho' beautiful to view;  
 It shines distinguishingly bright,  
 How transitory too!

Like glass it glitters, soon 'tis crack'd,  
 Irreparably frail!  
 All moralists allow the fact,  
 So I apply my tale.—

When things inanimate could speak,  
 FIRE once agreed with WATER,  
 A friendly jaunt one day to take,  
 But where, 'tis no great matter.

It



It happen'd, that, the day before  
 Each left his different station,  
 They chose a third, worth twenty more,  
 And this was—REPUTATION.

The three companions now reflect,  
 If chance should once divide 'em,  
 How each his letters might direct,  
 Or who would surest guide 'em.

Says WATER, friends, you'll hear my name,  
 Tho' lost upon a mountain,  
 Enquire at any murmuring stream,  
 Or seek me in a fountain.

Where marshes stagnate, bogs extend,  
 Green reeds, and turfy fods  
 Direct a path to meet your friend;  
 A path the bullrush nods.

From deep cascades I sometimes pour;  
 Through meadows gently glide;  
 I drop a dew; descend a shower;  
 Or thunder in a tide.

Your restless make, quoth FIRE, I knew,  
 Just like your parent ocean:  
 I like to rove as well as you,  
 My life consists in motion.

But should I stray, you'll find me soon  
 In matches, flints, and tapers;  
 And tho' my temper's brisk and boon,  
 I am often in the vapours.

From smoke sure tidings you may get,  
 It can't subsist without me:  
 Or find me, like some fond coquette,  
 With fifty sparks about me.

In poets all my marks you see,  
 Since flash and smoke reveal me;  
 Suspect me always near NAT LEE,  
 Even BLACKMORE can't conceal me.

In MILTON's page I glow by art,  
 One flame, intense and even;  
 In SHAKESPEARE's blaze a sudden start,  
 Like lightening shot from Heaven.

In many more, a living ray,  
Thro' various forms I shift;  
I am gently lambent while I am GAY,  
But brightest when I am SWIFT.

In different shapes too I am seen  
Among the young and fair;  
And as the virtues shine within,  
You'll ever find me there.

I with pure, brilliant, piercing gleams,  
Arm bright ELIZA's eye;  
With modest, soft, ethereal beams,  
Sweet MARY's I supply.

The best of slaves I am call'd by men,  
When held in proper durance;  
But, if I once do mischief, then  
I am heard of at the insurance.

Thro' nature's works I take my flight,  
And kindle as I run;  
Up from the tinder-box I light  
The chariot of the sun.

Alas!



Alas! poor REPUTATION cry'd,  
 How happy in each other,  
 Such numerous marks must surely guide  
 Each stranger to his brother.

'Tis I alone must be undone,  
 Such ills has fate design'd me:  
 If I be lost, 'tis ten to one,  
 You never more will find me.

**A N**

[ 7 ]

A N

E L E G Y,

On the death of two GOLDFINCHES, given to  
the writer by the Right Honourable Lady  
MARY LESLIE \*, on her leaving IRELAND.

A DIEU! O ye favourites, so dear!  
Ye pretty sweet warblers adieu!  
No more your glad notes shall I hear,  
No more meet your welcomes so true;  
No more on my shoulder and head,  
Free perching, my tea shall ye sip;  
No more shall ye eye me for bread,  
And snatch, with your bills, from my lip.  
Dull censors, ye hold it in scorn,  
From such motives distress should appear:  
Yet, I lov'd them, and cannot but mourn;  
They are dead, and I must drop a tear.

\* Now Lady MILLINGTON.

Who-

Whoe'er shall such feelings despise,  
 May act the more stoical part,  
 May vaunt himself happy and wise,  
 But let him not boast of his heart.

Affection with virtue is join'd,  
 It dwells with the brave and the free,  
 It warms and ennobles the mind,  
 Then, is it a weakness in me?  
 If gratitude weakness implies,  
 That weakness for ever be mine—  
 And the gift for the giver I prize;  
 They, lovely MARIA, were thine.

At NEWLAND\*, where often I stray'd,  
 And often you tripp'd by my side†,  
 One evening, slow winding the glade,  
 In a hawthorn the nestlings were spy'd;  
 Soft transport quick glanc'd from your eye,  
 Sweet innocence lisp'd on your tongue;  
 They chirrup'd—you wish'd, with a sigh,  
 To protect both the nest and the young.

\* The Earl of ROTHER's summer residence, near DUBLIN.

† The writer was preceptor to her Ladyship.



Full feather'd they home were convey'd—  
 For honour and freedom well known,  
 With a LESLIE nought had they to dread,  
 And their fears were soon over and gone.  
 At large, in your chamber they flew—  
 O! there, that 'till now they might rove!—  
 And fed, and attended by you,  
 Forgot both the fields and the grove.

But the season of sorrow drew nigh—  
 Far hence must their mistress depart:  
 Remembrance, even now, fills my eye,  
 For MARIA was dear to my heart.  
 And she kiss'd her poor favourites, and cry'd;  
 And she begg'd to her birds I'd be kind;  
 And she much in my care did confide,  
 And her words ever liv'd in my mind.

One morn, of my CHARLEY \* bereft,  
 What else could from hirelings ensue?  
 The window wide open was left,  
 And away the dear libertine flew.

\* One of the Goldfinches so called; a family name.

All the day, though 'tis strange to relate,  
 All the day did he wantonly roam;  
 But at eve the soft notes of his mate,  
 Recall'd the bold fugitive home.

For years the sole joy of her heart,  
 Thence faithful he sung by her side;  
 And at her when cold death flung his dart,  
 He languish'd, he sicken'd, he died.  
 Adieu! ye companions, so dear!  
 Ye pretty sweet warblers, adieu!  
 No more your glad notes shall I hear;  
 How rare meet affection so true!

[ 11 ]

T H E  
NYMPH OF THE WELL;  
T O  
THE LADIES AT MALLOW.

INSCRIBED TO  
MISS SENTLEGER.

THE blue-ey'd guardian of the WELL,  
That here, unseen, delights to dwell,  
To tend these spreading elms, to rove,  
At morn, or eve, the rising grove,  
To bless the walk from feet profane,  
And clear the hallow'd spring from stain,  
Warm with the tenderest wishes, sends  
This greeting to her summer friends.

And first, to you, my softer care,  
Who to HEALTH's altar here repair,

C 2

O pardon,



O pardon, that, in moral lay,  
 This admonition I convey :  
 Would ye, the rosy nymph should bless,  
 And crown your wishes with success ?  
 Be mindful that such hearts ye bring,  
 As best may profit by the spring.

If little pride your bosoms swell ;  
 In that soft seat, if envy dwell ;  
 Conceal'd if there, and shunning day,  
 Foul scandal mark her destin'd prey ;  
 If there, with dark, malignant aim,  
 Th' invenom'd falshood slander frame,  
 Whose viper-breath still blasts, unseen,  
 Those virtues which provoke her spleen ;  
 As the worm nips, with tooth severe,  
 The gayest infants of the year ;  
 If there, rank tares have fix'd their root,  
 And choak'd kind nature's goodly fruit,  
 And each sweet flower which heaven design'd  
 To blossom in the female mind ;  
 Begone——nor dare this place profane——  
 Your vows to HEALTH are breath'd in vain ;

With

With pitying, yet indignant, eyes;  
Away the rose-lipp'd cherub flies.

This secret once disclos'd to view,  
To profit thence belongs to you——  
Is health the object of your prayer?  
Is loveliness your wish, or care?  
O, from your minds, without delay,  
Root every noxious weed away;  
And virtue's honour'd seeds replace  
In that fair soil they love to grace:  
Where truth her radiant vestment spreads;  
Th' impassion'd tear where pity sheds:  
Where candour's cloudless, open mien  
Declares the peace that dwells within;  
Where charity, the general friend,  
Her heaven-illumin'd smile doth lend;  
Where those sweet plants delight to grow,  
There shall health's freshest roses blow;  
This hallow'd spring shall there supply  
The living lustre of the eye;  
Love, hope, and joy shall all repair;  
And grace, and beauty flourish there.

Quick,

Quick, then, my gentle friends, be wise;  
 Nor rudely slight the offer'd prize;  
 Pursue the path my care hath shewn;  
 And health, and pleasure, are your own:  
 Would ye be fair——The work is done——  
 VIRTUE, and LOVELINESS, are one:—  
 Thus shall ye prove, in form, in mind,  
 What, first, creating Heaven design'd,  
 Of all its various works, confess'd,  
 The last, the fairest, and the best.



T O  
THE MEMORY OF THE  
RIGHT HON. CHARLOTTE,  
LADY VISCOUNTESS TOWNSHEND,

Who died at Leixlip, September 5th, 1770.

WITH down-cast look, and pitying eye,  
Unarm'd, the king of terrors stood;  
He laid his sting and horrors by,  
Averse to strike the FAIR and GOOD:

When, thus, an angel urg'd the blow——  
No more thy lifted hand suspend!  
To conscious guilt a dreaded foe;  
To innocence a welcome friend.

Bright hosts of cherubs round her stand;  
To her, and me, confess'd alone;  
Each waving his celestial hand,  
And pointing to th' eternal throne.

The

The angel spoke——Nor husband dear,  
Nor children lov'd, a mournful train,  
Could from her eye attract one tear,  
Nor bend one thought to earth again.

The soul, impatient of delay,  
No more could mortal fetters bind;  
But, springing to the realms of day,  
Leaves every human care behind.

Yet shall an infant-daughter's claim  
Demand from Heaven thy guardian care:  
Protect that lovely, helpless frame;  
And guard that breast you form'd so fair!

A parent's loss, unknown, unwept,  
Thoughtless, the fatal hour she pass'd;  
Or, only thought her mother slept;  
Nor knew how long that sleep must last.

When time th' unfolding mind displays,  
May she, by thy example led,  
Fly from that mottley, giddy maze,  
Which youth, and guilt, and folly tread!

These

These never knew the guiding hand,  
Which leads to virtue's arduous way :  
Mothers, now, join the vagrant band ;  
And teach their children how to stray.

Her shall the pious task engage,  
Such once was thine, with lenient aid,  
A father's sorrows to assuage,  
His love with equal love repaid.

So shall she read, with ardent eye,  
This lesson thy last moments give,  
" They who, like THEE, would fearless DIE,  
" Spotless, like THEE, must learn to LIVE."

D

A N



A N  
HYMN TO HARMONY\*.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑΣΤΗΝΕΤΟΙΣΙ.

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

**D**Aughter of Heaven, whose magic call,  
From nothing bade this wonderous all  
In beauteous order rise;  
Thou, who, at Nature's earliest birth,  
Saw'st vernal fragrance cloathe the earth,  
And brighten all the skies!

Thee I invoke, whose sacred sway  
Hath bound the earth, the air, and sea,  
In one eternal chain:  
Come then, O come, celestial maid;  
Be present to thy votary's aid;  
And harmonize the strain!

Even

\* The writer does not presume to offer this as an original composition of his own; it is a translation of an antient Greek ode,

Even as the sun incessant pours  
On herbs, and trees, and fruits, and flowers,  
His vivifying ray ;  
So may thy hallow'd fire impart  
Fresh joy, and gladness to the heart,  
Along the realms of day.

When folly, with her hydra-hand,  
Extends her empire o'er the land,  
And stalks, with giant-stride ;  
O prop fair virtue's sinking cause ;  
Defend our rights, protect our laws ;  
And stem corruption's tide !

The starry host shall fade away ;  
Eternal nature shall decay ;  
Whilst thy pacific beam  
Rolls on, and shall for ever roll,  
From day to day, from pole to pole,  
An unexhausted stream.

Er-  
ode, which, though never hitherto published, the critical eye  
will discover to have been well known to, and carefully studied  
by most of the modern Lyric writers ; who have, without  
D 2 scruple

Ere space was space, or time was time,  
 Thy power, thy energy sublime,  
 With dazzling lustre shone;  
 And shall, when time and space are past,  
 In undiminish'd glory last,  
 Immortal, and alone.

For when, at fate's resistless name,  
 The spark, that warms thy vital frame,  
 Ascends its kindred skies;  
 Then, like the Phoenix from the fire,  
 An offspring, beauteous as its fire,  
 Shall from thy ashes rise.

Come, then, and let thy daughter fair,  
 Divine Benevolence, be near;  
 And Fortitude, thy friend;  
 Let firm Integrity be nigh;  
 And Freedom, with terrific eye,  
 Thy solemn steps attend :

scruple or acknowledgement, copied from it the most brilliant  
 passages of many of their odes.



That Freedom, which, in days of yore,  
 Display'd the impotence of power,  
     And vanity of pride;  
 Warm'd by whose flame great TULLY taught;  
 And CATO bled, and CÆSAR fought;  
     And ALEXANDER dy'd:

That cause, whose animating fire  
 Our great forefathers did inspire  
     To vindicate their right——  
 O let us now transmit it down,  
 From age to age, from fire to son,  
     With everlasting light!

And, lo! through all the peopl'd air,  
 Unbounded multitudes prepare  
     To join the festive throng:  
 All nature celebrates thy praise;  
 And dryads, fauns, and satyrs raise  
     The hymenæneal song.

So,

So, when thy ORPHEUS strikes the strings;  
Then MUSIC waves her purple wings;  
And undulates around;  
The groves with all their echoes mourn;  
And sympathetic rocks return  
The inexpressive sound.

T H E  
V I S I O N.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. S——.

SOME few to please, though ardent my desire,  
 With trembling hand, I touch the sounding lyre.  
 O muse! what honour'd name can'st thou rehearse,  
 Thy fame to shield, and patronize thy verse?  
 Fearful, and yet ambitious, in her choice,  
 To you, MARIA, she directs her voice:  
 Praise is the song; and aptly, sure, address'd,  
 To one who gives, and who deserves it best.  
 May this your kind, indulgent smiles obtain;  
 'Twill bless my numbers, and reward my pain;  
 And though, in strictness, justice can't commend,  
 Yet, in the poet, punish not the friend.

The herald lark had just prepar'd to sing  
 Glad salutation to the welcome spring;

And



And SOMNUS, drowsy god, o'er half the world,  
 The downy fumes of sweet repose had hurl'd ;  
 Attendant MORPHEUS guards the lonely bower ;  
 Where, wrapp'd in silence, dwells the sleepy power ;  
 And, hovering round, his faithful envoys wait,  
 Prompt to disclose the mystic will of fate :  
 When, casting off all anxious cares, my mind  
 To needful ease her faculties resign'd ;  
 Peace lock'd me in her arms, and mimic thought  
 This visionary scene distinctly wrought.

To distant realms, where, copious, every field,  
 And every tree their fruits, spontaneous, yield,  
 And flocks, and herds, safe from the murderous knife,  
 Crop the green herb 'till nature sickens life,  
 Pleas'd fancy lead ; while, through the enliven'd spray,  
 The birds in concert made all nature gay ;  
 Here, journeying on, encircled with delight,  
 Far east, a mountain rose, obscure to sight ;  
 But, near approach'd, rob'd in celestial sheen,  
 PARNASSUS' classic marks are plainly seen ;  
 FAME, on the top, her dubious form display'd,  
 And to her sons loud proclamation made,

Strictly

Strictly commanding that, without delay,  
 To streaming **HELICON** all speed their way;  
 For there they'd, in harmonious congress, find  
 The **NINE** propitious, and **APOLLO** kind.  
 Selected from the throng appear'd a youth,  
 By merit influenc'd in support of truth;  
 For though sometimes applausive strains he sung,  
 Deceit or flattery ne'er defil'd his tongue;  
 A blushing diffidence, at first, suppress'd  
 His faltering speech, and labour'd in his breast;  
 But **PHOEBUS** soon, attentive to his care,  
 Dispell'd his fears, and thus he form'd his prayer.

Father of verse! and you, ye tuneful choir!  
 Assist my numbers, and my song inspire!  
 Yet, not presuming, do I ask my name  
 To shine conspicuous in the rolls of fame:  
 Let but your aid my humble verses bring  
 To meet proportion with the dame I sing;  
 And, if perfection can the lay secure,  
 'Till Time's last sand be run this must endure.

Train'd in the sunshine of parental love,  
 By **PALLAS** honour'd, and approv'd by **JOVE**,

E

She,

She, not on toys, like half the sex, employ'd,  
 Lays all their flirting idle airs aside;  
 And, not the dupe of fashion, strives to steer  
 Between the extremes of trifling and severe;  
 Yet, due respect she not to rank denies;  
 While moderation all her wants supplies.  
 Social by nature, yet not fond to roam,  
 Her soul prefers the better part at home;  
 And studies with calm influence to preside,  
 Sweet peace her aim—her just, and only pride,  
 To form her offspring, as a parent should,  
 Gentle, discreet, benevolent, and good,  
 To solid glory; and their minds to improve,  
 To rise, illustrious in their country's love;  
 Not slaves to chance, on foreign whims to rate,  
 Tools, and train-bearers to another's state,  
 But be themselves the masters of their fate. }  
 Here, yield the palm, proud ROME! all must allow,  
 Thy fam'd CORNELIA we have rival'd now.

If e'er, by powerful precedent betray'd,  
 In Folly's flowery paths her fancy stray'd—  
 In human bosoms, human passions reign,  
 And they're the wisest who can best restrain;—

Not



Not less her merit, then ; for soon the maid  
 Heard Wisdom's voice, and chearfully obey'd.  
 Now, by reflection, and experience taught  
 The force of habit, and right use of thought,  
 From settled principle, despising art,  
 She guides the motions of her tutor'd heart,  
 And, as the turns of place, and seasons fall,  
 Adapts her manners, and she charms in all :  
 With age, respectful ; prudent, with the wise ;  
 Yet still consistent, and without disguise ;  
 Mild, with the gentle ; with the sprightly, gay ;  
 And, with the cautious, as reserv'd as they ;  
 Even rage, and tumult, trial too severe,  
 Skill'd to appease, or with good sense to bear.  
 With brilliant fancy grac'd, her reason shines ;  
 This penetration gives, and that refines ;  
 While native eloquence informs her tongue,  
 Smooth as her beauty, as her virtue strong ;  
 With sentiment and truth it sweetly flows,  
 And the fit emblem of her conduct shews ;  
 Though free, correct ; though lively, never vain ;  
 Piercing, though candid ; elegant, though plain.

In her we prove the generous, open friend,  
 Fearless to blame, yet studious to commend ;

Whose firm attachments, not the frowns of Fate,  
 Nor Fortune's smiles, can e'er obliterate;  
 Whose eye no pomp or splendor can divert;  
 And whose esteem still waits upon desert.  
 Conscious of merit, not of merit proud,  
 Judiciously she shuns the worthless crowd;  
 Yet, with compassion, not to scandal prone,  
 Sees others' errors, and corrects her own:  
 Envy herself allows her, for she must,  
 Humane, in censure; in resentment, just.  
 Endu'd with spirit, and possess'd of taste,  
 Too great to spare, too sensible to waste,  
 Whate'er of lustre, wealth, to others gives,  
 Bestow'd on her, it adds not, but receives;  
 Riches, in her enjoyments, bear no part,  
 Which, active, flows not from a feeling heart,  
 Where reigns benevolence without parade,  
 In all she does so amiably display'd,  
 That Goodness seems enamour'd of her aid:  
 Seeking the griev'd, and mingling with their tears,  
 Her tender sympathy their anguish cheers;  
 With liberal hand she succours the distress'd;  
 And is most happy making others blest'd.

Nor,

Nor, fondly partial to yourselves, refuse,  
 Ye fair, due reverence to the faithful muse,  
 Who, though to one she consecrate the lay,  
 A pleasing moral would to all convey,  
 And wishes all, even as her theme, to shine,  
 In charms resistless, shall I say divine?  
 From this bright model your perfections raise;  
 For know, to imitate, is sometimes praise:  
 By her example study and improve;  
 And, with desert, assure yourselves of love.  
 The maid, who, with incessant ardor, reads  
 Wild legendary tales of brainfick deeds,  
 Atchiev'd in airy regions of romance;  
 And such, as flimsy, modern dreams entrance;  
 Or, she, who would her sex's fame restore,  
 By tumbling musty tomes of science o'er,  
 With her, may, justly, ignorance despise,  
 And be, at once, both amiable and wise.  
 If beauteous, learn, from her, not to be vain;  
 Nor yet invidious, if you are but plain;  
 And that essential bliss would you receive,  
 The soul must, rather than the body, give:  
 External charms a transient homage claim;  
 To love sincerely, we must first esteem.

O! learn,



O! learn, sweet sex; for men are prone to change;  
 Fond of new objects, and at large to range;  
 From fair to fair insidiously they run;  
 To all devoted, but attach'd to none;  
 And, as their queasy appetites direct,  
 The lore of honour reverence, or reject;  
 'Till one, like her, more lovely than the rest,  
 In the dear luxury of merit dress'd,  
 Fixes the choice, with that unerring dart,  
 Which, in the judgement, captivates the heart.  
 The vagrant bee so skims it o'er the plain,  
 Sips every flower, then quits with cold disdain:  
 But, in his rambles, if the rose he meets,  
 He dwells upon the magazine of sweets.

This, no licentious rhapsody of words,  
 Nor Fancy's coinage, which my verse affords;  
 From Observation's nice, impartial laws,  
 Fair nature dictates what my pencil draws——  
 O Gratitude, thou loveliest, and the best,  
 Of all the virtues which adorn the breast;  
 For where thou dwell'st, there center all the rest;  
 Thou favourite child of Heaven! who can'st dispense  
 Delights above the vulgar joys of sense,

Home-

Home-felt delights, which knavery, and art,  
 Can ne'er enjoy, nor ever can impart,  
 Thy sacred laurels plant around her head ;  
 Strike Envy dumb, and crush foul Slander dead.  
 Lo ! crowding wretches, wretches now no more,  
 Age, Sickness, Poverty, reliev'd by her,  
 Men, women, children, launch her praises forth,  
 Pour down glad blessings, and attest her worth :  
 To this, the glowing muse her voice confines ;  
 To this, she dedicates these heart-felt lines.

And yet, her person well she might admire ;  
 For, there, the Graces, emulous, conspire,  
 And all the Loves are visibly combin'd,  
 To render that accomplish'd as her mind :  
 In each bright feature Innocence is seen ;  
 Ease guides her steps, and dignifies her mien ;  
 Troops of young Decencies around her move,  
 And every charm distinguish, and improve :  
 Through her fine form diffus'd, a thousand ways,  
 The soul of Beauty, sweet Expression, plays ;  
 Varying in every movement, ambush'd lies ;  
 Smiles on her lips, and triumphs in her eyes :  
 The

The opening rose breathes on her cheek—But, here,  
Modest Decorum checks my fond career;  
Free to reproof the muse unfolds her breast,  
And, in submissive silence, veils the rest.

He bow'd—Loud FAME her silver trumpet blew,  
And own'd the likeness, though far short, of You.  
Rous'd with the sound, I woke; and, pleas'd, beheld  
The morn, rejoicing o'er the world reveal'd.

POETA



POETA AD SUPEROS.

**Y**E Gods! who sit and live at rest,  
 Attend to hear my wishes;  
 I'm in a hurry to be blest'd;  
 So, pray, be expeditious.

Grant me—let's see—now, if you please,  
 This very moment, grant—  
 Plague take it: how vexatious this!  
 I can't think what I want.

**F**

**THE**

## FLY AND THE CANDLE.

**R**etire, thou vain, thou giddy thing,  
 Retire; and yet be wise——  
 The flame has caught his filken wing;  
 He flutters, falls, and dies.

I, also, like this hapless FLY,  
 Grown giddy as I gaze,  
 Even now, alas! approach too nigh,  
 And perish in the BLAZE.

O N

A L A D V Y.

S L E E P I N G.

**W**HEN, for the world's repose, my CÆLIA sleeps,  
 See, CUPID hovers o'er the maid, and weeps.  
 Well may'st thou weep, fond boy; thy power dies;  
 Thou hast no DARTS, when CÆLIA has no EYES.

E s TWO



T W O  
 L O V E E L E G I E S.  
 E L E G Y I.  
 T O D A M O N.

N O longer hope, fond youth, to hide thy pain\*.  
 No longer blush the secret to impart;  
 Too well I know what broken murmurs mean,  
 And sighs that burst, half stifled, from the heart.

Nor did I learn this skill by OVID's rule;  
 The magic arts are to thy friend unknown:  
 I never study'd but in MYRA's school;  
 And only judge thy passion by my own.

\* Non ego celari possum, quid nutus amantis,  
 Quidve ferant miti lenia verba sono.

Nec mihi sunt sortes, —————

TIBULL.

Believe

Believe me, \* Love is jealous of his power;  
 Confess betimes the influence of the God:  
 The stubborn feel new torments every hour;  
 To merit mercy, we must kiss the rod.

In vain, alas! you seek the lonely grove,  
 And in sad numbers to the THAMES complain:  
 The shade, with kindred softness, soothes thy love;  
 Sad numbers sooth, but cannot cure thy pain.

When PHOEBUS felt (as story sings) the smart,  
 By the coy beauties of his DAPHNE fir'd,  
 † Not PHOEBUS self could profit by his art,  
 Though all the Nine the sacred lay inspir'd.

Even should the maid vouchsafe to hear thy song,  
 No tender feelings would its sorrows raise;  
 For, Verse hath mourn'd imagin'd woes so long,  
 She'll hear unmov'd, and, without pitying, praise.

\* Define dissimulare; Deus crudelius urit  
 Quos videt invitos succubuisse sibi.

TIBULL.

† Nec profunt Domino, quæ profunt omnibus artes.

OVID.

Nor

Nor yet, proud maid, should'st thou refuse thine ear;  
 Nor are the manners of the poet rude;  
 Nor pours he not the sympathetic tear,  
 His heart by anguish, not his own, subdu'd.

When fairest names in long oblivion rot,  
 (For fairest names must yield to wasting time)  
 The poet's mistress 'scapes the common lot,  
 And blooms uninjur'd in his living rhyme.

ELEGY



E L E G Y II

IN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires.

POPE'S ELOISA TO ANZELARD.

THOU, whom long since I number'd for my own,  
To whose kind view in life's first happy days,  
Each young ambition of my heart was known,  
For fame my ardour, and my love of ease,

Say, wilt thou pardon, that a while I thought  
(The thought how vain!) my feelings to disguise?  
Too well thou knew'st, by MYRA's lessons taught,  
The soul's soft language, and the voice of eyes:

Thou knew'st—perhaps, ere to myself 'twas known—  
Th' impatient struggling of the sigh suppress;  
And early saw'st, instructed by thy own,  
The infant passion kindling in my breast.

" No

“ No longer, then, I'll seek to hide my pain,  
 “ No longer blush the secret to impart ;”  
 The mask, which wrong'd thy friendship, I disdain ;  
 “ \* And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.”

Nor shall the jealous god, with hand severe,  
 Afflict his vassal, though a rebel long ;  
 Already hath he breath'd the humble prayer,  
 And pour'd already the repentant song.

But, ah ! in vain his art the poet tries,  
 The power of numbers he exerts in vain ;  
 The maid regards them with unconscious eyes,  
 And hears, but will not understand, the strain.

Yet hath she seen—for nothing could conceal—  
 The wild emotions of his labouring breast ;  
 The fond attention that devour'd her tale ;  
 The hand that trembled, when her hand it prest :

While his pleas'd ear upon her accents hung,  
 Oft hath she mark'd th' involuntary sigh,  
 Love's “ broken murmurs” forming on his tongue,  
 And Love's warm rapture starting to his eye.

\* HAMMOND. Elegy the ninth.

And

And she hath seen him whelm'd in bitterest woe,  
 When her frown spoke some error unforgiven;  
 And she hath seen each kindling feature glow,  
 When her smile cheer'd him with a gleam of Heaven.

But, when in verse he breathes his amorous care,  
 (As if she knew not what to all is known)  
 His art she praises, but neglects his prayer,  
 Nor deems the poet, or the verse, her own.

Say, then, O say (for, sure, thou know'st full well  
 Each tender thought with happiest skill to dress)  
 His heart's strong feelings how his tongue shall tell!  
 How speak—what language never can express!

Teach him those arts that did thy suit commend,  
 When love first prompted MYRA to be kind;  
 And, that those arts may prosper, let thy friend  
 His love's first advocate in MYRA find.

Then, while the happy means thy lesson shews  
 To win the maid his passion to approve,  
 Then MYRA shall recount—for MYRA knows—  
 What blessings are in store for those that love:

G

MYRA



MYRA shall tell her, that from love alone  
 Flows the pure spring of happiness sincere;  
 And love, with power to lovers only known,  
 Doubles each joy, and lessens every care:

And each warm transport of her conscious heart,  
 And each fair hope, that doth her state attend,  
 With generous ardour MYRA shall impart,  
 And point her own example to her friend:

And if her sense shall DAMON's claim approve,  
 And if her candour deem his vows sincere,  
 Her tongue shall speak the interest of his love,  
 Her gentle eloquence enforce his prayer:

And all that tenderest pity can suggest,  
 And each soft argument her thought can find,  
 MYRA shall urge—O! be her pleading blest!  
 To win her fair companion to be kind:

And when—for friendship must not pass them o'er—  
 She gives the frailties of his youth to fight,  
 O! may her pencil place—he asks no more—  
 Each little merit in the fairest light!

CLARA,

CLARA, perchance, may learn to love an heart,  
 (Proud though the boast, it is an honest pride);  
 Where nothing selfish ever claim'd a part,  
 Which owns no purpose it should wish to hide :

Warm with the love of virtue and mankind,  
 At others' bliss where social feelings glow ;  
 And where, when sorrow wrings the virtuous mind,  
 The tear is ready for another's woe :

This praise the youth is fond to call his own ;  
 No higher worth he seeks, his claim to grace ;  
 His hope he builds upon his love alone,  
 And his love stands on Reason's solid base :

No sudden blaze, the meteor of a day,  
 Its transient splendour o'er his heart doth pour ;  
 Kindled at Virtue's fire, the steady ray  
 Shall shine through life, and gild its latest hour.

If such an heart can please, if such a flame  
 With kindred ardour can inspire her breast,  
 His first ambition hath obtain'd its aim——  
 To Heaven and Fortune he commits the rest.

But if, regardless of the honest prayer,  
The maid, unpitying, on his love should frown ;  
If fate's worst shock the youth is doom'd to bear,  
Each prospect darken'd, and each hope o'erthrown ;

Too humbly fearful of the all-ruling power,  
To strike the blow that sets the spirit free,  
Prison'd in life he'll wait the appointed hour,  
And, patient, bend him to the hard decree :

Yet ne'er (however shifts the varying scene)  
Shall her dear image from his mind depart ;  
Still fresh the lov'd idea shall remain,  
Warm in each pulse, and woven with his heart :

Unchang'd through life, still anxious for her peace,  
For her to Heaven his daily prayer shall rise ;  
And, when kind fate shall grant the wish'd release,  
His last weak breath shall bless her as it flies :

Then, when in earth's cold womb his limbs are laid,  
(For, sure, her servant's fall shall reach her ear)  
CLARA, perchance, will sigh, and grant his shade  
The kind compassion of a pious tear :

Yes



Yes—she will weep—for gentle is her breast—

Tho' his love pleas'd not, she will mourn his doom;  
And, haply, when with flowers his grave is dress'd,  
Her hand may plant a myrtle o'er his tomb.

This meed, at least, his service may demand;

This—and 'tis all he asks—his truth may claim:  
No breathing marble o'er his dust shall stand;  
No storied urn shall celebrate his name:

Enough for him, that, where his ashes lie,

When kindred spirits shall at times repair,  
The prosperous youth shall cast a pitying eye;  
The slighted virgin pour her sorrows there:

Enough for him, that, pointing to his stone,

The sad old man his story shall relate,  
Then smite his breast, and with, with many a groan,  
No child of his may meet so hard a fate.

LINES.

L I N E S.

PRESENTED WITH

A R O S E - B U D,

To a very young Lady, who appeared at a  
Fancy Ball, in the character of FLORA.

**S**WEET BUD, whose forward bloom displays  
The promise of a beauteous flower,  
May no rude blight thy freshness seize!  
No worm thy tender leaf devour!

Light fall the rains upon thy head,  
Safe be thy beauty from the storm,  
'Till Spring's soft breath thy blossom spread,  
And MAY unfold thy perfect form!

So, sweet to smell, and fair to view,  
Thy ripen'd glow shall long be seen;  
And every flower that drinks the dew  
Shall bow in homage to its QUEEN.

T H E

T H E  
CHOICE OF A WIFE.

To G. H. Esq.

W Hene'er, my friend, you chance to find  
A female who attracts your mind,  
Your choice awhile suspend ;  
Examine nicely first her heart,  
If incorrupt, if free from art ;  
To that, be sure attend :

For beauty soon familiar grows,  
Or fades, as hourly fades the rose,  
Frail tenant of decay !  
But virtue, life's extremest length,  
Improving, shines, and grows in strength,  
With each succeeding day.

This is the beauty worth your care,  
And not the cheek, the lip, the hair,

The



The eye, the teeth, the mien;  
If no deformity disgrace,  
You'll soon think that a lovely face,  
Where truth and honour reign.

Be then the purpose of her heart,  
Whom of yourself you'd make a part,  
Confirm'd and well inform'd  
In all things moral, and divine;  
The virtues more attractive shine,  
By true devotion warm'd.

Those virtues still have least allay,  
And best will bear the strict assay,  
That on religion grow;  
Others to fear, or interest, yield,  
Or shrink, or meanly quit the field,  
When storms of passion blow.

Let no vain superstitious fears  
Create imaginary cares;  
For those, who mean the best,  
Who've only honest ends in view,  
Will carefully those ends pursue,  
And leave to Heaven the rest.

If gratitude her bosom swell ;  
 If there, kind, generous pity dwell,  
     Meekness, and manly sense ;  
 If no desire for dress, or play,  
 Can lead her steady heart away,  
     Fear not her innocence.

Fair Virtue, Honour, Candour, Truth,  
 Alone maintain the charms of youth  
     Through every stage of life :  
 These with new lustre ever glow,  
 And, every day, new charms bestow  
     Upon the friend—the Wise.

Those light the lamp of pure desire,  
 These fan the clear celestial fire,  
     Bright flame of lasting love ;  
 While practis'd looks, and airs and smiles,  
 And art, that thoughtless men beguiles,  
     But flashes——meteors prove.

T H E  
CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

WRITTEN  
BY A YOUNG LADY.  
INSCRIBED TO MISS COOPER.

YOU ask, if the thing to my choice were submitted,

You ask how I'd wish in a man to be fitted?  
I'll answer you freely, but beg you to mind him;  
Your friendship, perhaps, may assist me to find him.

His age and condition shall first be consider'd—  
The rose on his cheek should be blown, but not  
wither'd;

He should be, then—but, hark ye! a word in your  
ear,

Don't you think Five-and-twenty would fit to a hair?  
His



His fortune, from debts and incumbrances clear,  
 Unfaddled with jointures, a thousand a year :  
 Though, to shew you at once, my good sense and  
     good nature,  
 I'd not quarrel much, should it chance to be greater.

The qualities, next, of his heart and his head—  
 Good-natur'd, and friendly, sincere, and well-bred ;  
 With wit, when he pleas'd, on all subjects to shine,  
 And sense, not too great to set value on mine :

His learning, and judgement, should seldom ap-  
     pear ;  
 And his courage be shewn, but when danger is near ;  
 With an eye, that can melt at another man's woe ;  
 A heart, to forgive, and a hand, to bestow.

No coxcomb who boasts of his knowledge, or  
     arts ;  
 Nor stiff with his learning, nor proud of his parts ;  
 No dull, solemn blockhead, who'd fain be thought  
     wise ;  
 For, a fool I detest, and a fop I despise.

Thus I've try'd to mark out, in these whimsical  
lays,

The partner I wish for the rest of my days :  
Go find out the lad that is form'd to my plan ;  
And him I will marry—I mean if I can.

But, if it should chance—there's a proverb, you  
know,

That marriage, and hanging, by destiny go—  
Should it happen that Fate has some other in store,  
The reverse of the picture I gave you before,

Should I chance to be curst with a fop, or a fool,  
Too perverse to be rul'd, yet too silly to rule,  
What, then, could be done?—Without fighting, or  
arguing,

I think I would e'en make the best of my bargain :

I'd sit down content with the lot that was mine,  
And, though I might smart, yet I would not repine—  
You may laugh, if you please: But I'll swear that I  
would

Do all I have told you—I mean if I could.

THE

THE  
F A R E W E L L:  
A P A S T O R A L B A L L A D.

IN IMITATION OF SHENSTONE.

O MALLOW, dear MALLOW, adieu!  
How oft have I walk'd by thy spring,  
While the trees were yet dropping with dew,  
Ere the lark his shrill matin did sing!  
How often at noon have I stray'd,  
By the streamlet that winds through the vale!  
How oft, at still eve, on thy mead,  
The soft breeze have I joy'd to inhale!

O'er thy green hills high-bosom'd in wood,  
O'er thy sweetly diversified ground,  
How oft, as my walk I pursued,  
Have I gaz'd in wild transport around!

Invoking



Invoking the powers that preside  
 O'er the stream, o'er the grove, or the hill,  
 With their presence my fancy to guide,  
 With their fire my rapt bosom to fill.

On a rock hanging over the flood  
 Through the wild glen meandering flow,  
 Half-frighted, how oft have I stood  
 To pore on the mirror below !  
 To see in the breast of the wave  
 The glen, and the rock, and the sky,  
 How bright the reflection it gave !  
 How pleas'd, how delighted was I !

At the foot of an elm, or a lime,  
 How oft have I stretch'd me along,  
 Enchanted with COLLINS's rhyme,  
 Or AKENSIDE's rapture of song !  
 How oft, too, as accident led  
 Through the church-yard path's fear-stirring  
 ground,  
 Busy fancy has call'd up the dead  
 To glide in dread vision around !

These

These sweet walks, this soft quiet, and all  
 Those blameless, those rational joys,  
 Must I quit for the buzz of the Hall,  
 For dissonance, wrangling, and noise ;  
 For the city's dull uniform scene,  
 Where jobbing, and party, and strife,  
 Dissipation, and languor, and pain,  
 Fill up the whole circle of life.

“ The language which flows from the heart,”  
 In SUSAN, in MARY, and BESS,  
 How exchang'd for the polish of art,  
 Smooth nonsense, and empty address !  
 The painting, which Nature bestows  
 On the village-maid's innocent cheek,  
 'Mid the birth-night's fantastical rows  
 How lost were the labour to seek !

Yet oft shall fond Memory anew  
 Present each lov'd scene to my eye,  
 And with painful enjoyment review  
 The delights, that too hastily fly :

Through

Through all the sweet landscapes around,  
 Not a stream, not a rock, or a tree,  
 Not a field-flower, nor shrub, shall be found  
 Unmark'd, or unhonour'd by me.

And ye, my companions so dear,——  
 What words my deep anguish can tell?—  
 Receive for a witness this tear  
 How it pains me to bid you FAREWELL!  
 Ye, too——for I read in your eyes——  
 The emotions that swell at your heart  
 Ye have not yet learn'd to disguise——  
 “Ye are sorry to see me depart.”

Sweet seat of Contentment and Ease,  
 Where Rest her still Sabbath may keep;  
 Where all may live just as they please,  
 Eat, drink, read, laugh, saunter, or sleep:  
 The next spring may new-brighten thy scene,  
 And thy leaves, and thy blossoms restore—  
 But—bring the lov'd circle again,  
 Or the landscape will charm me no more.

Sweet



Sweet commerce of unison minds!—

A treasure how rarely posselt!

How seldom through life the heart finds

This joy, that gives worth to the rest!—

But—hark!—'tis the chaife at the door—

My mare is already in view—

Alas!—I have time for no more—

O MALLOW, dear MALLOW, ADIEU!

I ELEGIAC

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

TO THE MEMORY OF

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

Who died in the Nineteenth year of his age.

Thine eyes, dear YOUTH, are clos'd in night;  
 Thy thread, alas! is spun;  
 Cut off, at once, from life and light,  
 Ere half thy sands were run!

How short the date of human things!  
 How transient are the joys!  
 The flower, that in the morning springs,  
 The evening blast destroys!

See where, absorb'd in silent grief,  
 The childless mother stands!  
 Some pitying angel bring relief,  
 And hold her frantic hands! —

O lost

O lost too soon, lamented shade !  
 Just opening into man,  
 While Custom rul'd, and Passion sway'd,  
 Ere Reason's power began—

Yet,—let me here the word recall,  
 These rash repinings shun—  
 'Twas Heaven's high will decreed his fall ;  
 And let Heaven's will be done !

Let all, who lov'd his worth, his truth,  
 Remember them with groans !  
 And all the frailties of his youth  
 Be buried with his bones !



THE  
HAPPY UNION.

INSCRIBED TO MISS BOYD.

PALLAS, and VENUS, long at strife,  
For once, in friendship join'd;  
One undertook to draw a face;  
And one to form a mind:

Around, with pencils in their hands,  
The LOVES and GRACES wait,  
Pencils in heavenly colours dipp'd,  
To render all compleat.

PALLAS, with an attentive view,  
All Nature's stores survey'd;  
Selecting, only, such as bards  
Give to the blue-ey'd maid.

Soor

Soon shone the soul, an essence pure,  
That might with angels vie;  
Which VENUS temper'd into form,  
And painted in the eye:

The eye, that orb of light, which shows  
The features of the mind,  
Distinct, as faithful mirrours yield  
The forms of human kind.

The finish'd piece before them lay;  
Each view'd the curious frame:  
Then said, "Go forth, thou work divine;  
"ALETHEA" be thy name:

"Go forth, thou pattern of the fair,  
"Thou Love of gods and men;  
"Be thine to charm the world below;  
"And visit us again."

This said, up rose the living form,  
In all its parts refin'd;  
VENUS gave beauty to the FACE;  
And PALLAS to the MIND.

\* We have it on the authority of HOMER, and all the greatest Ancients, that superior natures were known in Heaven, and amongst mortals, by different names.

## T W O

## L O V E E L E G I E S.

Argelitanas mavis habitare Tabernas,  
 Cum tibi, parve liber, scrinia nostra vacant,  
 Nescis, heu! nescis dominæ Fastidia ROMÆ:  
 Crede mihi, nimium martia turba sapit.  
 Ætherias, lascive, cupis volitare per auras:  
 I, fuge; sed poteras tutior esse domi.

MARTIAL.

## E L E G Y I.

'TIS night, dead night; and o'er the plain  
 Darkness extends her ebon ray,  
 While wide along the gloomy scene  
 Deep Silence holds her solemn sway:

Throughout the earth no chearful beam  
 The melancholic eye surveys,  
 Save where the worm's fantastic gleam  
 The 'nighted traveller betrays;

The



The savage rage (so Heaven decrees)  
 No longer through the forest rove ;  
 All nature rests, and not a breeze  
 Disturbs the stillness of the grove :

All nature rests ; in Sleep's soft arms  
 The village swain forgets his care :  
 Sleep, that the sting of Sorrow charms,  
 And heals all sadness, but despair :

Despair, alone, her power denies ;  
 And, when the Sun withdraws his rays,  
 To the wild beach, distracted, flies,  
 Or, cheerless, through the desert strays.

Or, to the church-yard's horrors led,  
 While fearful echoes burst around,  
 On some cold stone he leans his head,  
 Or throws his body on the ground.

To some such drear and solemn scene,  
 Some friendly power direct my way,  
 Where pale Misfortune's haggard train,  
 Sad luxury ! delight to stray :

Wrapp'd

Wrapp'd in the solitary gloom,  
 Retir'd from Life's fantastic crew,  
 Resign'd, I'll wait my final doom,  
 And bid the busy world adieu.

The world has, now, no joy for me;  
 Nor can Life, now, one pleasure boast;  
 Since all my eyes desir'd to see,  
 My wish, my hope, my all, is lost;

Since she, so form'd to please and bless,  
 So wise, so innocent, so fair,  
 Whose converse sweet made sorrow less  
 And brighten'd all the gloom of Care,

Since she is lost :—Ye powers divine !  
 What have I done, or thought, or said ?  
 O say ! what horrid act of mine,  
 Has drawn this vengeance on my head ?

Why should Heaven favour LYCON's claim ?  
 Why are my heart's best wishes crost ?  
 What fairer deeds adorn his name ?  
 What nobler merit can he boast ?

What

What higher worth in him was found,  
 My true heart's service to outweigh?  
 A senseless fop!—a dull compound  
 Of scarcely animated clay!

He dress'd, indeed, he danc'd with ease,  
 And charm'd her, by repeating o'er  
 Unmeaning raptures in her praise,  
 That twenty fools had said before:

But I, alas! who thought all art  
 My passion's force would meanly prove,  
 Could only boast an honest heart,  
 And claim'd no merit but my love.

Have I not fate—Ye conscious hours  
 Be witness—while my STELLA sung,  
 From morn to eve, with all my powers  
 Rapt in the enchantment of her tongue!

Ye conscious hours, that saw me stand,  
 Entranc'd in wonder, and surprize,  
 In silent rapture press her hand,  
 With passion bursting from my eyes,

K

Have



Have I not lov'd ?—O Earth, and Heaven!  
 Where, now, is all my youthful boast?  
 The dear exchange I hop'd was given,  
 For slighted fame, and fortune lost!

Where, now, the joys that once were mine?  
 Where all my hopes of future bliss?  
 Must I those joys, these hopes resign?  
 Is all her friendship come to this?

Must, then, each woman faithless prove;  
 And each fond lover be undone?  
 Are vows no more!—Almighty Love!  
 The sad remembrance let me shun!

It will not be——my honest heart  
 The dear, sad image still retains:  
 And, spite of reason, spite of art,  
 The dreadful memory remains.

Ye powers divine, whose wondrous skill  
 Deep in the womb of Time can see,  
 Behold, I bend me to your will,  
 Nor dare arraign your high decree!

Let

Let her be blest'd with health, with ease,  
 With all your bounty has in store :  
 Let sorrow cloud my future days,  
 Be STELLA blest'd !——I ask no more.

But lo ! where, high in yonder East,  
 The star of Morning mounts apace !  
 Hence—let me fly the unwelcome guest,  
 And bid the Muse's labour cease.

## E L E G Y II.

WHEN, young, Life's journey I began,  
 The glittering prospect charm'd my eyes,  
 I saw along the extended plain  
 Joy after joy excessive rise :

And Fame her golden trumpet blew ;  
 And Power display'd her gorgeous charms ;  
 And Wealth engag'd my wandering view ;  
 And Pleasure woo'd me to her arms :

To each, by turns, my vows I paid,  
 As Folly led me to admire ;  
 While Fancy magnify'd each shade ;  
 And Hope increas'd each fond desire.

But, soon, I found 'twas all a dream ;  
 And learn'd the fond pursuit to shun,  
 Where few can reach their purpos'd aim,  
 And thousands, daily, are undone :

And



And Fame, I found, was empty air ;  
 And Wealth had Terror for her guest ;  
 And Pleasure's path was strewn with care ;  
 And Power was vanity at best.

Tir'd of the chace, I gave it o'er ;  
 And, in a far sequester'd shade,  
 To Contemplation's sober power  
 My youth's next services I paid.

There Health and Peace adorn'd the scene ;  
 And oft, indulgent to my prayer,  
 With mirthful eye, and frolic mien,  
 The muse would deign to visit there :

There would she oft, delighted, rove  
 The flower-enamell'd vale along ;  
 Or wander with me through the grove,  
 And listen to the wood-lark's song ;

Or, 'mid the forest's awful gloom,  
 Whilst wild amazement fill'd my eyes,  
 Recall past ages from the tomb,  
 And bid ideal worlds arise.

Thus, in the muse's favour blest,  
 One wish alone my soul could frame,  
 And Heaven bestow'd, to crown the rest,  
 A friend, and THYRSIS was his name.

For manly constancy, and truth,  
 And worth, unconscious of a stain,  
 He bloom'd, the flower of BRITAIN's youth,  
 The boast and wonder of the plain.

Still, with our years, our friendship grew ;  
 No cares did then my peace destroy :  
 Time brought new blessings, as he flew ;  
 And every hour was wing'd with joy :

But soon the blissful scene was lost ;  
 Soon did the sad reverse appear ;  
 LOVE came, like an untimely frost,  
 To blast the promise of my year.

I saw young DAPHNE's angel form,  
 (Fool that I was, I blest'd the smart)  
 And, while I gaz'd, nor thought of harm,  
 The dear infection seiz'd my heart :

She

She was—at least in DAMON's eyes—  
 Made up of loveliness, and grace;  
 Her heart a stranger to disguise;  
 Her mind as perfect as her face:

To hear her speak, to see her move,  
 (Unhappy I, alas! the while)  
 Her voice was joy, her look was love,  
 And Heaven was open in her smile!

She heard me breathe my amorous prayers,  
 She listen'd to the tender strain,  
 She heard my sighs, she saw my tears,  
 And seem'd, at length, to share my pain:

She said she lov'd—and I, poor youth!  
 (How soon, alas! can Hope persuade!)  
 Thought all she said no more than truth,  
 And all my love was well repaid.

In joys unknown to courts, or kings,  
 With her I fate the live-long day,  
 And said and look'd such tender things,  
 As none beside could look, or say!

How



How soon can Fortune shift the scene,  
 And all our earthly bliss destroy?—  
 Care hovers round, and Grief's fell train  
 Still treads upon the heels of Joy.

My age's hope, my youth's best boast,  
 My soul's chief blessing, and my pride,  
 In one sad moment, all were lost;  
 And DAPHNE chang'd, and THYRSIS dy'd.

O, who, that heard her vows ere-while,  
 Could dream these vows were insincere?  
 Or, who could think, that saw her smile,  
 That Fraud could find admittance there?

Yet, she was false!—my heart will break!  
 Her frauds, her perjuries were such—  
 Some other tongue than mine must speak—  
 I have not power to say how much!

Ye swains, hence warn'd, avoid the bait;  
 O shun her paths, the traitress shun!  
 Her voice is death, her smile is fate,  
 Who hears, or sees her, is undone.

And

And, when Death's hand shall close my eye  
 (For soon, I know, the day will come)  
 O chear my spirit with a sigh;  
 And grave these lines upon my tomb.

L THE

T H E  
E P I T A P H.

CONSIGN'D to dust, beneath this stone,  
In Manhood's prime is DAMON laid;  
Joyless he liv'd, and dy'd unknown  
In bleak Misfortune's barren shade.

Lov'd by the muse, but lov'd in vain——  
'Twas Beauty drew his ruin on;  
He saw young DAPHNE on the plain;  
He lov'd, believ'd, and was undone:

His heart then sunk beneath the storm,  
(Sad meed of unexampled truth)  
And Sorrow, like an envious worm,  
Devour'd the blossom of his youth.

Beneath this stone the youth is laid——  
O greet his ashes with a tear!  
May Heaven with blessings crown his shade,  
And grant that peace he wanted here!

S T A N Z A S,



S T A N Z A S,

T O ———,

WITH THE FOREGOING ELEGIES.

SINCE you permit the lowly muse  
 This offering at your feet to lay,  
 Her flight with ardour she renews ;  
 Nor heeds the perils of the way :

If, in the poet's artless lays,  
 Late warbled in his native grove,  
 You find, perchance, one line to praise,  
 Or should one sentiment approve ;

Let critics babble, o'er and o'er,  
 Of figures false, and accent wrong,  
 Blest in thy smile, he asks no more——  
 There must be merit in the song.

L. 2

But,

But, when of Epitaph, and Worm,  
 Of Death, and Tombs, the bard doth rave,  
 You'll ask, how 'scap'd he from the storm?  
 What power hath snatch'd him from the grave?

The muse the secret will impart;  
 (For what avails it to disguise?)  
 A speck he saw in DAPHNE's heart,  
 That dimm'd the lustre of her eyes.

But, had the maid thy power possess'd,  
 To bind and strengthen Beauty's charm;  
 The virtues glowing in thy breast:  
 The graces breathing in thy form:

Of manners gentle, and sincere,  
 Had DAPHNE been what — is,  
 And had Misfortune's stroke severe  
 Then robb'd him of the promis'd bliss,

Too big for words, the deep distress  
 Had quickly stopp'd the poet's tongue:  
 O'er-borne by Passion's wild excess,  
 His heart had sunk, unwept, unsung.

The youth, too sure, had "dy'd unknown;"

No lover's sigh his shade had blest'd;

No rude memorial on his stone

Had mark'd his ashes from the rest;

Unless, perchance, with one kind tear,

The pitying maid his fate should mourn,

And bid some happier servant's care

To throw a laurel on his urn.



A N  
I N S C R I P T I O N,

Written upon one of the TUBS\* in HAM  
WALK.

**D**ARK was the sky with many a cloud,  
The fearful lightnings flash'd around,  
Low to the blast the forest bow'd,  
And bellowing thunders rock'd the ground :

Fast fell the rains upon my head,  
And weak, and weary were my feet,  
When lo! this hospitable shed,  
At length supply'd a kind retreat.

That, in fair Memory's faithful page,  
The Bard's escape may flourish long,  
Yet shuddering from the tempest's rage,  
He dedicates the votive song.

\* Two seats in HAM WALKS, near RICHMOND in SURRY,  
called TUBS, from their form, which resembles an hoghead  
split in two.

For ever sacred be the earth  
 From whence the tree its vigour drew!  
 The hour that gave the seedling birth!  
 The forest where the scyon grew!

Long honoured may his ashes rest,  
 Who first the tender shoot did rear!  
 Blest be his name, but doubly blest  
 The friendly hand that plac'd it here!

O ne'er may war, or wind, or wave,  
 This pleasurable scene deform;  
 But Time still spare the seat, which gave  
 The poet shelter from the storm!

ODE

O D E  
O N  
BRITISH FREEDOM.

INSCRIBED TO THE

Most Noble WILLIAM Marquis of KILDARE.

'T WAS in the silent hour of eve,  
When gently pensive visions roll,  
When joys, which thought alone can give,  
Spread their dominion o'er the soul,  
A youth, who oft was wont to rove,  
And woo the Dryads of the grove,  
Aloft, from RICHMOND'S \* wood-crown'd height,  
Beheld the day's descending light,

\* RICHMOND, a village in SURRY, twelve miles from LONDON, which has been termed the FRESCATI of ENGLAND. It is the seat of our monarchs; and the palace, from its splendor, was called SHENE, which, in the SAXON language, signifies bright, or shining.

Beheld



Beheld the verdure of the vale,  
 The tufted bank where THAMIS glides,  
 The green-rob'd grove, the opening dale,  
 Where every gentler grace presides;  
 Where, o'er the face of all the varied ground,  
 The power of Beauty reigns, and pours her blessings  
 round.

‘ And O!’ (he cry’d) ‘ thou lovely maid,  
 ‘ Fair FANCY, grant thy genial fire,  
 ‘ If e’er by native hill, or shade,  
 ‘ I wak’d in youth the rural lyre!  
 ‘ If e’er, along the lonely shore,  
 ‘ Where loud the ATLANTIC surges roar,  
 ‘ Or where LEANA’s waters spread,  
 ‘ Or TURK\* erects his fir-clad head,  
 ‘ Thus oft invok’d at early day,  
 ‘ Thou hast listen’d to thy suppliant’s prayer,  
 ‘ Thou hast deign’d to raise his lowly lay,  
 ‘ Or deign’d his vacant hours to share,  
 ‘ Now

\* TURK is one of those stupendous mountains, which hang  
 over the lower LOUGH-LENE [LEANA], near KILLARNEY,  
 in the county of KERRY. The public has been enabled, in  
 some degree, to form a judgment of the amazing beauties of this

\* Now on this summit take thy silent stand,  
\* And throw thine eyes around BRITANNIA'S happy  
land!

\* In yonder wood, whose darkening gloom  
\* Bids Horror every form assume,  
\* Bids awe-struck Contemplation soar,  
\* Lo ! altars rise distain'd with gore !  
\* The victim bleeds !—Thence o'er his soul  
\* The Druid feels the sacred phrenzy roll :—  
“ Hence—to your arms !—your gods main-  
tain !—  
“ Lo ! riding o'er the billowy main,  
“ A mighty hero, from afar,  
“ Provokes you to the rage of war !—  
“ ANDATE, hear !—May JULIUS feel  
“ CASSIBÉLAN'S avengeful steel !  
“ And may thy suppliant CUMRI \* still maintain  
“ Their fathers' hallow'd faith, their ancient free-  
born reign !”

scenery, by the elegant engravings lately published by Mr. FISHER, from his own drawings.

\* CUMRI, or CYMRI, the antient name of the BRITONS.

\* In

' In vain the prayer—Behold the gleam  
 ' Of arms shines terrible from far !  
 ' Behold, thick plunging in the stream,  
 ' The ROMANS \* found the din of war !  
 ' They yield,—the Painted squadrons yield—  
 ' The Eagle fans the conquer'd field ;  
 ' And ROME, exulting from her throne,  
 ' Beholds another world her own :  
 ' Vain is each hero's bold essay,  
 ' And vain the Female Warrior's arms ;  
 ' Still Time confirms the victor's sway,  
 ' Though FREEDOM rouse to loud alarms ;  
 ' And vain CARACTACUS, thy patriot flame,  
 ' Theme of a future bard, who well shall raise thy  
 fame.

' Say,

\* The ROMANS first invaded BRITAIN, under JULIUS  
 CÆSAR, about fifty-five years before the birth of CHRIST :  
 and established an authority, which they maintained until about  
 the year of our Lord 448, when (the sudden irruption of the  
 Northern nations, who began about this time to spread them-  
 selves over all EUROPE, making it necessary for them to apply  
 all their force to the defence of the empire) they finally aban-  
 doned the island. Even while their authority did subsist, it  
 was by no means absolute, or quietly submitted to: the native  
 valour, and undisciplined impetuosity of the BRITONS, gave  
 them many severe checks; particularly, about the year 50,



‘ Say, who is he, aloft in air,  
 ‘ Sublime upon his iron car,  
 ‘ Who bids the trembling world prepare  
 ‘ For hardihood and deeds of war?—  
 ‘ Stern ODIN: \*—At his bold command,  
 ‘ O’er ALBION’s wave-encircled land,  
 ‘ From snow-clad SCARSFIELD † issuing forth,  
 ‘ Flies the dread Spirit of the North.—

under CARACTACUS; and, nine years after, under BOADICIA, or BONDUCA, queen of the ICENI.

\* The SAXONS were called in by the BRITONS, to assist them against the PICTS and SCOTS; and landed in the isle of THANET, about the year 450: HENGIST, and Horsa, their leaders, are said to have been great-grandsons of WODEN, or ODIN, who was worshipped as a God among those nations.

† The Northern provinces of GERMANY, and SCANDINAVIA, were the hive, whence issued those swarms of barbarians, which, about the beginning of the fifth century, poured like an inundation over the Southern parts of EUROPE; and, in their progress, well nigh obliterated every monument of art, and every vestige of civil government. SCARSFIELD is one of the many names of that immense chain of mountains which crosses SCANDINAVIA from North to South, and divides the dominions of SWEDEN and NORWAY by an almost insurmountable barrier.

“ Again,

' Again, a pause—Behold, along  
 ' Where o'er yon widely-spreading plain  
 ' The Raven † leads her hardy throng,  
 ' Fierce plunderers of the freighted main !  
 ' They meet ; the battle bleeds, and all around  
 ' Echo the shrieks of Woe, the victors' shouts resound.

' Thou seest beneath these clouds above,  
 ' Avenging, fly the bird of Jove,  
 ' Thence, swift-descending on his foe,  
 ' He strikes the lordly Falcon low ;  
 ' So ROLLO's \* son—What woes succeed !  
 ' Again shall tyrants rule, and BRITONS bleed !  
 ' O ! if,

† The DANES made their first attack upon BRITAIN about the year 832, in the reign of EGBERT : in 1017 their power was advanced to such an height, that, upon the murder of EDMUND IRONSIDE, CANUTE possessed himself of the throne. The DANES bear a Raven upon their standards.

\* ROLLO, a petty prince of DENMARK, having, about the beginning of the tenth century, with a multitude of followers, attacked, and settled himself in the maritime parts of FRANCE, obtained of CHARLES THE SIMPLE a grant of the province formerly called NEUSTRIA, which he erected into a dutchy, under the name of NORMANDY, from its Northern conquerors. From this ROLLO descended WILLIAM, who having, upon the 11th of October, 1066, overthrown and slain HAROLD

in

' O! if, in ARTHUR's earliest times,  
 ' From lily'd vales, and gentler climes,  
 ' Fair LIBERTY to ALBION's shore  
 ' Her unsubmitting standard bore,  
 ' Arouse again!—They hear! they hear!  
 ' Again, behold the uplifted spear!  
 ' In yonder Mead † the sons of Glory rise;  
 ' And FREEDOM's banner waves amid BRITANNIA's  
     skies!

‘ From

in the bloody and decisive battle of HASTINGS, ascended the ENGLISH throne, and thence obtained the surname of THE CONQUEROR.

† RUNNY-MEDE, or RUNNE-MEDE, a large plain between WINDSOR and STAINES, where, on the 19th of June, 1215, the barons of ENGLAND compelled JOHN, their king, to sign and seal the GREAT CHARTER of their liberties: strange that, in an age so jealous and tenacious of their liberties as the present, no building has yet been erected upon the spot, to perpetuate the memory of so great an event; especially, as a late ENGLISH Classic, some years since, offered to the public the following elegant and manly lines, as an inscription for such building.

Thou, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,  
 While THAMES, among his willows, from thy view  
 Retires, O stranger, stay thee, and the scene  
 Around contemplate well. THIS is the place,

Where



' From hour to hour, from age to age,  
 ' Again shall Desolation spread ?  
 ' Shall deadly feuds, and civil rage,  
 ' Pile THAMES's shore with heaps of dead ?  
 ' Shall tame Submission still remain ?  
 ' Shall BRITON's hug the servile chain ?  
 ' And o'er a free-born native's head  
 ' Shall foreign mitred tyrants tread ?  
 ' Forbid it Heaven !—A brighter ray \*  
 ' Now strikes athwart the dusky gloom,  
 ' And glancing o'er the verge of day,  
 ' Dispells the illusive charms of ROME :

' Far

Where ENGLAND's antient BARONS, clad in arms,  
 And stern with conquest, from their tyrant King  
 (Then render'd tame) did challenge, and secure,  
 The CHARTER OF THY FREEDOM. Pass not on,  
 Till thou have blest'd THEIR memory, and paid  
 Those thanks, which GOD appointed the reward  
 Of PUBLIC VIRTUE : and if, chance, thy home,  
 Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,  
 Go, call thy sons ; instruct them what a debt  
 They owe their ancestors ; and make them swear  
 To pay it, by transmitting down, intire,  
 Those SACRED RIGHTS to which themselves were born,

\* The REFORMATION, the doctrines of which were first  
 preached in ENGLAND by WICKLIFFE, and his followers, in

1399 :

‘ Far nobler prospects gild the opening skies,  
 ‘ Religion, Arts, and Laws, Commerce, and  
 Glory rise.

‘ Now, FREEDOM, bid thy vestal flame  
 ‘ To spires of purer radiance blaze ;  
 ‘ Bid patriot souls aspire to fame,  
 ‘ To happier deeds, and happier days ;  
 ‘ Bid o’er the white rocks of thine isle  
 ‘ Each open Grace, each Virtue smile ;  
 ‘ And bid on MILTON’s honour’d brow  
 ‘ Fair wreaths of every laurel blow :  
 ‘ O bid each hero, in thy cause,  
 ‘ Exert each active power of soul,  
 ‘ To guard thy rights, assert thy laws,  
 ‘ To raise thy friends, thy foes controul !  
 ‘ And, when OPPRESSION lifts her iron hand,  
 ‘ O bid thy HAMDEN † rise, and rouse the sinking  
 land.

‘ One

1599 : it had obtained, and was openly professed by, many  
 profelytes, under HENRY VIII. in 1529 ; and was finally  
 established, nearly upon the same ground as at present, in the  
 reign of EDWARD VI. about the middle of the sixteenth  
 century.

† The noble stand made by JOHN HAMDEN, in 1637,  
 against the illegal and arbitrary imposition of Ship-money, has  
 rendered

' One effort more :—in other skies †  
 ' What sons of virtuous glory rise,  
 ' Who to fair ALBION's frighted shore  
 ' Her laws, her sacred laws restore !—  
 ' Fled is the tyrant !—Turn thine eyes  
 ' To where AUGUSTA's lessening turrets rise :  
 ' Succeeding years now give command  
 ' To kings, the fathers of the land ;  
 ' To kings, whose delegated throne  
 ' Establish'd FREEDOM calls her own ;  
 ' Whose thoughts, whose throbbing wishes feel  
 ' That godlike end, the general weal ;  
 ' Whose patriot souls adopt the liberal plan  
 ' Of Nature's hallow'd gift, the FREEBORN STATE  
 OF MAN.

' Yet may, at length, the lowly Muse  
 ' Indulge one wish, nor wish in vain !—  
 ' Far hence, O far be partial views,  
 ' Mistaken Wisdom's selfish train !

' Wide

rendered his name deservedly dear to all the lovers of CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY.

† In the ever-memorable year 1688, the united wishes of a FREE PEOPLE having forced the bigotted and tyrannical

N

JAMES



' Wide as extends BRITANNIA'S sway,  
 ' Where yonder Sun now slopes his way,  
 ' O'er every land, o'er every isle,  
 ' May rising arts and commerce smile!  
 ' May laws in equal tenor flow!  
 ' May FREEDOM gild each sea-beat shore!  
 ' No longer heard the voice of Woe!  
 ' And dread Oppression seen no more!  
 ' And may IERNE praise a GEORGE'S name;  
 ' For Commerce, Arts, and Laws, and FREEDOM'S  
 ' sacred Flame!

' Then, ALBION, o'er the subject main  
 ' Thy fleets with bolder wings shall fly;  
 ' Nor GALLIA'S threats thy course restrain:  
 ' Nor GALLIA'S arms thy sons defy:  
 ' Around, o'er many a distant shore,  
 ' Where yet no RALEGHS dare explore,  
 ' Where, yet, no human footsteps tread,  
 ' Thy strengthen'd industry shall spread;

JAMES to abdicate a crown of which he was unworthy, placed  
 it upon the head of WILLIAM, prince of ORANGE, who has  
 justly merited the title of OUR GREAT DELIVERER from the  
 tyranny of ROMISH SUPERSTITION.

Thy

' Thy arts of cultur'd Peace shall rise ;  
 ' Thy trade extend her boundless sway ;  
 ' In Western wilds, and Southern skies,  
 ' Each BRITISH Muse shall tune her lay ;  
 ' And o'er each tenant of thy wide domain,  
 ' When FREEDOM waves her wand, fair Happiness  
     shall reign.'

Thus, on thy brow, delightful SHENE,  
 At eve the stripling swain was seen  
 To breathe his patriot sighs along,  
 His heart according to the song ;—  
 Now o'er the darkly glimmering view  
 The gradual Night her fleecy mantle threw ;  
 The stream, the lawn, the lofty spire,  
 The groves, the palaces retire ;  
 In every shade is heard around  
 The nightly warbler's solemn sound,  
 Which, mild as Zephyr's whispering gale,  
 Soft steal, through HAM's Arcadian vale ;  
 Well pleas'd, he listens to the plaintive lay ;  
 Then homeward, calm and slow, he hies his lonely  
     way.

A N

## E L E G Y,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1751.

'TIS night, dead night,—and now no busy  
sound

Is heard along the melancholy plains,  
No foot beats hollow o'er the vaulted ground,  
But through the world a pensive stillness reigns :

Loft all the noise and hurry of the day,  
A death-like silence in the stead remains ;  
Save that the Nightingale, from yonder spray,  
Pours o'er the vale her sadly-pleasing strains :

Save that, from out the ivy-wreathed tower,  
The hoarse owl wings her solitary flight,  
And, shelter'd in the gloom of yonder bower,  
Tolls the slow knell of melancholy Night ;

Save



Save that the beasts, which graze on yon blue hill,  
 Answer each other, solemn, sad, and slow;  
 Save the hoarse chiding of the neighbour mill,  
 And the rough cadence of the stream below.

The Moon, fair regent of the silver Night,  
 With all the starry glories in her train,  
 Wide o'er the earth extends her peerless light,  
 And spreads her lucid mantle to the main.

Loft in the effulgence of reflected day,  
 Through Heaven's pure azure not a cloud is seen;  
 The trees all glitter in the dancing ray;  
 And dapper elves trip lightly o'er the green.

Sleep o'er the world her drowsy poppies strews,  
 And universal Nature owns her sway;  
 The village-hind, dissolv'd in soft repose,  
 Forgets the labours, and the cares of Day.

All nature rests—But I no rest can know;  
 For Sleep abhors the mansions of Despair;  
 “Swift on her downy pinions flies from Woe,  
 “And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.”

To.

To-morrow's dawn tears all my joys away  
 To-morrow's dawn ELIZA must depart:—  
 Yet, Reason, yet a little, hold thy sway,  
 Swell not my eye, O burst not yet my heart!

Think not to cheat me now, as oft before,  
 With the vain hope that I may yet be blest:—  
 O no—I never can be cheated more,  
 Nor ever more can my torn soul have rest!

Through Time's dark womb no distant joy I see—  
 No ray of Hope breaks thro' the cloud of Care—  
 No hours of bliss are there reserv'd for me—  
 'Tis fix'd—'tis past—'tis absolute despair!"

O pain to think!—so generous, and so kind,  
 Joy of each eye, and every heart's desire,  
 The gentlest manners, and the noblest mind,  
 All female softness, and all manly fire—

Yet she is lost!—What now can grateful prove?  
 All-gracious Heaven, what equal can be found?—  
 No other fair can match my widow'd love—  
 EDEN is lost—the rest is common ground.

Rise,

Rise, rise, ye winds! Blow, blow thou surly East!  
 To the loud blast let the wide forest roar!  
 Let the sea swell, and frown a horrid waste!  
 And the big waves burst dreadful on the shore!

What have I said?—Alas! had I my will,  
 Each ruder motion of the waves should cease;  
 The storm should rest, each surly wind be still;  
 And every heart—if possible—be peace.

Ye guardian powers (if any powers there are  
 Whose watchful eye o'ersees the good and fair)  
 Protect her still! O guard her from afar!  
 O make ELIZA your peculiar care!

If soft-ey'd innocence, devoid of art,  
 If modesty can please, if beauty charms,  
 If loveliest manners can engage the heart,  
 If worth demands your care, if virtue warms,

O guard from all the dangers of the seas  
 The richest freight that ever vessel bore!  
 Let each loud wind soft sink into a breeze,  
 And bid the thunder of the storm be o'er!

Loff



Lost to all joy! though nought to me remains,  
 But melancholy, phrenzy, and despair;  
 Though, like a tender flower o'ercharg'd with rains;  
 My heart bends low beneath a weight of care;

Still be thou blest'd with all that Heaven can send,  
 'Till wearied Nature shall her charge resign!  
 Lov'd in thy life, lamented in thy end,  
 Truth's fair reward, and Virtue's prize be thine!

My prayer is heard:—but, soft—what gleam of light  
 Gilds yon dun tower, and dapples all the East?—  
 To the grey dawn all hail!—Farewell to Night!  
 Here not my sorrow, but my muse must rest.

A N  
E L E G Y\*.

**F**AR from the busy cares of life,  
In yonder vale O let me stray;  
And there, retir'd from crowds and strife,  
To sweet Oblivion give the day!

Or, let me hie to where the vine  
In wanton wreaths compleats the bower;  
There see the pearly dew-drops shine,  
And hang in tears on every flower.

As o'er the green corn-field he flies,  
I'll hear the lark's enraptur'd lay;  
See Morn's first blushes gild the skies;  
And hail the Sun's ambrosial ray.

\* The scene of this little poem is supposed to lie on the banks of the BOYNE, in view of the obelisk, erected in the year 1736. in memory of the victory gained by king WILLIAM III. over JAMES II. near that place, July the 1st, 1690.

O

Ye

Ye winds, be silent, while the rail  
 With pleasing sounds the hour prolongs;  
 The thrush, too, chaunts his amorous tale,  
 And pours his little soul in songs.

Now, let my curious eye survey  
 Yon monument of deathless fame,  
 That shall to every age convey  
 Immortal WILLIAM's glorious name.

The Borne's clear stream, that flows fast by,  
 The fields, the groves array'd in green,  
 The distant hills, that prop the sky,  
 Compleat the beauties of the scene.

Sweet prospect to a mind at ease,  
 That never felt the sting of Care;  
 The happy sunshine of whose days  
 Was never clouded by Despair.

Not even sweet Morn's ambrosial ray  
 Brings aught of joy to make me blest;  
 To drive one anxious thought away;  
 Or chase ~~an~~ image from my breast:

Vain



Vain are the lark's, the thrush's strains;  
 (Sweet balm of Pain, of Care, and Strife)  
 Fix'd in my soul HER form remains,  
 And pulls the very strings of Life.

Can that be she that strikes my eye,  
 Slow walking o'er yon flowery mead?  
 Swift o'er the unbending corn I'll fly,  
 Nor crush the cowslip's velvet head—

'Tis nothing all, but empty air——  
 When wilt thou cease, thou tyrant boy?—  
 To plunge us deeper in despair,  
 And cheat us with the hope of joy.

I'll hope no more—Deceiver, go——  
 Thee, and thy treacherous smiles I curse;  
 For he, whose lot is cast so low,  
 Is sure it never can be worse.

A N  
I M I T A T I O N

OF THE

First Ode of the First Book of HORACE.

INSCRIBED TO THE

Right Hon. PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,  
late Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

O THOU! whose virtues ALBION's sons can  
trace \*

Through an ennobled long descending race,  
Whose honour'd friendship, and whose guardian  
name

Open a prospect to the realms of Fame,  
Observe the various passions of the mind,  
That teize, delight, distract, and rule mankind.

\* MÆCENAS, atavis editæ Regibus!  
O, et Præsidium, et dulcis decus meum!

\* There

\* There are—'tis strange to say it, but there are—  
 Who place their glories in the rolling car,  
 Who drive the flying steeds with nicest art,  
 And act the charioteer's tyrannic part.  
 Hark! stranger, hark! the circling scourges found;  
 The bridles jingle, and the horses bound:  
 In clouds of dust the envelop'd heroes fly,  
 Like Gods, invifible to mortal eye.  
 Now, now, they lash, and now, with pride elate,  
 Double the corner, pafs the freighten'd gate;  
 Now, fhort, or wide, with rapid quicknefs turn;  
 And for the Coachman's laurels drive and burn.  
 Oh! give them all the honours they require!  
 Let other heroes other virtues fire;  
 Be thefe for matchlefs skill in driving known;  
 And bind their temples with a whipeord crown.

† Tempt with ambition, if you can, the foul  
 Whom neither vanity, nor wants controul;

• Sunt quot curriculo pulverem Olympicum  
 Collegiffe juvat, metaque fervidis  
 Evitata notis, palmaque nobilis  
 Terrarum domino evchere ad Deos.

† Hunc, fi mobilium turba quiritium  
 Certat tergemina tollere honoribus.

Shew



Shew him the azure garter dangling high,  
 Or shake the taper staff before his eye,  
 Say, the gold-key his pocket-holes shall grace;  
 Promise the gift of gifts! Sir R——r's place;  
 Calm, and unmov'd, the baits he shall behold,  
 Despise the ensigns, and disdain the gold;  
 Safe in a corner, humble port he'll quaff;  
 And, whilst he pities Kings, at Statesmen laugh.

\* Or, try another, try a man whose rent,  
 In spite of taxes, yields him ten per cent,  
 Bid him all lands, all purchases forego,  
 And deal in South-Sea bonds.—He'll answer, No!

† Suppose a third, who plows his native soil,  
 And shares the landlord's pride, and tenant's toil,  
 Is neither idly vain, nor humbly low,—  
 Perhaps a Justice, or who might be so;—

\* *Illam si proprio condidit heredo  
 Quicquid de Libyeis verritur Arsis.*

† *Gaudentem patulos findere furtulo  
 Agros, attaliciis conditionibus  
 Nunquam dimoveas, ut Trabe Cypria  
 Myrtorum paribus nauta secet mare.*

Shall

Shall such a man be lerd from Plenty's ease,  
Quit his own hearth, and launch into the seas!  
No, not at VERNON's call;—let others roam;  
He'll fight the SPANIARDS, if he must, at home.

• But see the merchant trembling for his store;  
The winds grow mighty, and the tempests roar;  
The freighted vessel, where his treasure lies,  
Now sinks to Hell, now rises to the Skies;  
Pale and aghast! his thoughts, averse to gain,  
Seek but this once the mercy of the main;  
Should bounteous Neptune waft the bark to land,  
Safe from each threatening storm, each latent sand,  
To Trade, to Avarice, he'll bid adieu,  
Let him but pay his creditors their due;  
That done, he'll seek some rural, calm retreat,—  
No painful doubts molest a country-seat.  
So vows the Trader, whilst immerg'd in fear;  
The bark once landed, other scenes appear:  
All rural prospects vanish from his mind;  
Again he tempts the seas, and trusts the wind.

• *Lucrantem Icaris fluctibus Africum  
Mercator metuens, otium et oppidi  
Laudat rura sui: mox reficit rates  
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.*

Why

Why should he change his schemes; his vows recant?  
No storm so dreadful, as the thoughts of want.

\* Such cares molest not Bacchanalian hours,  
When —— revels in his midnight bowers;  
Or, stretch'd at ease, within the rich alcove,  
The polish'd temple, or the gloomy grove,  
Near some cool spring, where hermits us'd to pray,  
Whose borders kneeling saints have worn away,  
He lolls supine, 'till fumes invade his head,  
And sneering servants heave their load to bed.

† Camps, and the clarion sounding from afar,  
Rouze, and delight the mighty chiefs of war;  
Where Honour calls, the undaunted heroes run,  
(Each mother trembling for her darling son)  
Arms their profession, victory their aim,  
They live with danger, or they die with fame.

\* Est qui nec veteris pocula Maffici,  
Nec partem solido demere de die  
Spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbute  
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lenæ caput sacræ.

† Multos castra juvant, et lituo tubæ  
Permissus sonitus, bellaque matribus  
Detastata, —————

\* The



\* The Sportsman, fearless of the winter's morn,  
Obeys the summons of his hound and horn ;  
From Love, and sweet domestic dalliance flies,  
To brave the inclement fury of the skies,  
Through dreary storms, with more than eager pace,  
To drive o'er hills and plains the savage race.

† While I, if haply the consenting muse  
Melodious sense, and charming sounds infuse,  
If sweet EUTERPE deign her aid to bring,  
And POLYHYMNIA strike the LESBIAN string,  
Far from the feeble glance of vulgar eye,  
To pleasing shades, and cooling grottoes fly,

• —————Manet sub Jove frigido  
Venator, teneræ conjugis immemor,  
Seu visa est Catulis cerva fidelibus,  
Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.

† Te doctarum Ederæ præmia frontium §  
Diis miscent superis : me gelidum nemus  
Nympharumque leves cum satyris chori  
Secernunt populo : si neque tibus  
EUTERPE cohibet, nec POLYHYMNIA  
Lesboum refugit tendere Barbiton.  
Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseras,  
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

‡ This is according to Dr. HARE's emendation.

P

Where

Where lovely nymphs alternately advance,  
 And nimble satyrs join the mystic dance;  
 Be rural pastimes, harmless sports my theme,  
 The smiling shepherdess, the limpid stream:  
 If you, my STANHOPE, who triumphant sit,  
 The shining pattern and the judge of Wit,  
 (Long has the verdant ivy bloom'd around  
 Thy sacred temples, and thy judgment crown'd,  
 Fix'd thee supreme in Wisdom's holy shrine,  
 And bid the honours of the Gods be thine)  
 If you should place me with the immortal choir  
 Of bards, that whilom struck the harmonious lyre,  
 With heavenly rapture fir'd, sublime I'll rise,  
 And snatch the radiant glories of the skies.

THE

T H E  
S C O L D :  
A S O N G.

**S**OME women take delight in dress ;  
 And some in cards take pleasure ;  
 Whilst others place their happiness  
 In heaping hoards of treasure ;  
 In private some delight to kiss,  
 Their hidden charms unfolding ;  
 But, all mistake their sovereign bliss ;  
 There's no such joy as SCOLDING.

The instant that I ope my eyes,  
 Adieu all day to silence ;  
 Before my neighbours they can rise,  
 They hear my tongue a mile hence :  
 When at the board I take my seat,  
 'Tis one continued riot ;  
 I eat, and SCOLD, and SCOLD, and eat,  
 My clack is ne'er at quiet.



Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,  
 I ever am complaining,  
 Too raw, too roast, too young, too old,  
 Each guest at table paining :  
 Let it be fowl, or flesh, or fish,  
 Though of my own providing,  
 I still find fault with every dish,  
 Still every servant chiding.

But, when to bed I go at night,  
 I surely fall a weeping ;  
 For then I lose my great delight,  
 How can I scold when sleeping ?  
 But this my pain doth mitigate,  
 And soon disperses sorrow,  
 Although to-night it be too late,  
 I'll pay it off to-morrow.

A N

A N  
O D E  
TO THE  
C R E A T O R.

**A**LL hail to HIM, who sits on high!  
To HIM your chearful voices raise!  
To HIM, the ruler of the sky,  
Be glory, honour, love, and praise!

Ye wise! ye good! in age, in youth,  
The song of joy, O never cease!  
His words are all the words of truth;  
And all his paths the paths of peace:

This globe of earth, the sea, the air,  
Were form'd by HIS all-wise command;  
The Heavens and all their hosts declare  
The work of an Almighty hand:

The

The rough wild sea HIS voice obeys,  
When the loud winds the waves deform ;  
He walks (how wonderous all HIS ways!)  
On the broad pinions of the storm :

When all this fair creation lay  
Involv'd in universal night,  
He spake the word, and all was day ;  
He spake the word, and all was light :

He sees the secrets of the heart ;  
He searches all the human soul ;  
His skill directs in every part ;  
His power informs the wonderous whole.

'Twas HE ! JEHOVAH ! KING ! and God !  
Gave us to breathe this vital air ;  
We are the children of HIS nod,  
His last best work, HIS dearest care.

The earth shall moulder into dust,  
And Life's gay dream shall pass away ;  
Rejoice, ye good ! rejoice, ye just !  
His glory never shall decay !



[ 111 ]

All hail! JÉHOVAH! KING! and God!

Ye nations all, adore his name!

Approach, approach his high abode,  
With thanks, with joy, and loud acclaim!

All hail to HIM, who sits on high!

To HIM your chearful voices raise!

To HIM, the ruler of the sky,

Be glory! honour! love! and praise!

ODE

O D E:

T O

I E R N E\*.

**H**AIL! fair IERNE, parent of the lyre!  
 Hail! nurse of hallow'd bards, and gentle  
 song!

Ere guilty War yet spread her banners dire,  
 And frighted from the shore thy tuneful throng;

Fair were the streams that lav'd thy peaceful glades;  
 Fair were the shades that trembled o'er the stream;  
 Sweet were the lays that echoed through the shades;  
 And Land of Saints was then IERNE's name:

\* One of the names of IRELAND.—This Ode was formerly given to the public, as an introduction to the University Poems on the Royal Nuptials, printed in DUBLIN, 1761: of which collection, also, the following Ode was one.

But

But, War unsheath'd the sword, and purple gore  
 Stain'd the fair silver of the limpid wave;  
 Rude hands the venerable oaks uptore,  
 And doom'd the bard to an untimely grave.

Lo! then, IERNE droop'd, a desert land,  
 Nor sow'd despairing hinds the doubtful grain,  
 Left others reap the labours of their hand,  
 And painful sweat bedew their brows in vain.

Nor, since that ruthless time, hath Druid sage  
 To woodland Echo taught the mystic song,  
 Or where old LIFFEY rolls his rapid rage,  
 Or SHANNON pours his lordly tide along.

But, now, beneath our young AUGUSTUS' reign,  
 Reviving arts once more adorn our isle,  
 Fair Husbandry redeems the ravag'd plain;  
 And golden CERES learns again to smile:

Now, too, the Muses' long neglected bay,  
 A tender plant! once more essays to rise,  
 Whose seed, not lost entire, long latent lay,  
 And fear'd the rigour of tempestuous skies.

Q

Nor



Nor thou, oh, gracious King! disdainful frown  
 On these first efforts, and this humble strain;  
 Reviving arts thy fostering favour own;  
 Let not the Muse be mark'd for thy disdain.

Oh! deign to smile! else, whither shall the Muse  
 Her trembling hands in supplication bend?  
 Where hope for succour, if her GEORGE refuse?  
 Scorn'd by the hero, who remains her friend?

Perhaps, some youth, whose yet untutor'd rhymes  
 Here dawn the promise of immortal song,  
 May blazon GEORGE's deeds to future times,  
 If but his smiles entice the Muse along;

May paint the tyrant trembling at his name,  
 Where'er his banners wave, or oceans roll;  
 Or sing his fairer praise, his nobler fame,  
 And hail the monarch of his people's soul.

But, thou, whose infant Muse, on callow wing,  
 O'er-rashly dares these dazzling hopes to soar,  
 Thou, leave such themes for loftier bards to sing;  
 This danger past, attempt such flights no more:

Content

Content to wander through the peaceful shade,  
 When Twilight cloaths the drowsy world in grey,  
 (All, but where faintly o'er the western glade,  
 Departing, glows the golden rear of Day)

Content, at that sweet, solitary hour,  
 Along the margin of the winding stream,  
 To woo the rural Muses' gentle power,  
 And sing thine humble loves, unknown to Fame:

Or if, perhaps, thy loyal ardor scorn  
 To sleep, nor dares the hero's praise display;  
 CHARLOTTE thy softest numbers shall adorn,  
 And royal beauties grace the ambitious lay.

O D E:

O N

## THE KING'S \* NUPTIALS.

**A** YOUTH, the meanest of the tuneful train,  
 Whom, fair Applause, and Emulation fir'd,  
 Amidst the grove essay'd some 'raptur'd strain;  
 The Muse her artless votary inspir'd;  
 To HYMENEAL themes the lyre he strung,  
 And thus, in mystic verse, the adventurous poet sung.

'Twas on PHOENICIA's hoarse resounding coast,  
 Where fam'd ORONTES rolls his silver waves,  
 'Till in the angry deep his streams are lost,  
 And o'er the sands the exulting billow raves,  
 In the first age, while yet the world was young,  
 That VENUS, queen of Love, from fruitful Ocean  
 sprung.

\* His Majesty, GEORGE the Third.

Fair-



Fair-rob'd AURORA, from the brightening East,  
 Began her roseate beauties to display,  
 Scattering refulgence from her radiant breast,  
 And wide unbarr'd the golden gates of Day;  
 The tempests vanish on the wings of Night,  
 And to the STRYGIAN gloom precipitate their flight.

For, raging winds long tofs'd the troubled main,  
 Rent the rude rocks, and the vast forests tore;  
 The World, 'till then, obey'd stern Winter's reign,  
 Nor knew, fair Spring, thy renovating power;  
 Wild beasts with frightful howlings fill'd the groves;  
 Nor yet the birds had learn'd to chant their airy loves.

Nor yet had mortals felt the sacred fire,  
 Which beauty lights in the beholder's breast;  
 Strangers to gentle thoughts, and soft desire,  
 They wander'd o'er a cheerless world unblest;  
 Rapine, and Violence, their thoughts employ,  
 And wars, destructive wars! infuse a savage joy.

This saw the awful ruler of the Gods,  
 Who man, of all his creatures, favour'd most;  
 He bade green NEPTUNE, from his deep abodes,  
 Conduct the goddess to PHOENICIA's coast,

Where

Where far-fam'd SYDON's royal spires arise,  
Shine o'er the distant main, and glitter in the skies.

There, o'er the potent state ADONIS reign'd  
(Who hath not heard of young ADONIS' name ?)  
The sovereign rule, with equal hand, maintain'd ;  
Mighty in power, and great in virtuous fame :  
For SYDON, then, for arts and arms renown'd,  
As BRITAIN, now, the sea's undoubted queen  
was crown'd.

In Ocean's dreadful caves the palace stands  
Of NEPTUNE, bright on rocks of diamond rear'd,  
Where the fierce floods receive their king's com-  
mands,  
There sits the god, by furious tempests fear'd ;  
A silver light the glittering dome displays,  
And through the mighty gates stream forth a hundred  
seas.

Thence, o'er the unbounded deep his word he sends ;  
The azure Naiads to his court repair ;  
Each wat'ry deity his will attends,  
To grace the bright procession all prepare ;

At

At length, advanc'd the daughter of the main,  
The Cyprian power, amidst her fair attending train.

Mean-time, exalted in the purest sky,  
The Thunderer ascends his sapphire throne ;  
He gives the sign, the clouds in sunder fly ;  
Confest to mortal sight, the Immortal shone ;  
The eagle at his feet, and in his hand  
His dreadful arms he grasp'd, the thunder's forked  
brand.

Sent from his presence, swift as streaming light,  
The feather'd son of lovely MAIA springs ;  
Shoots from the Heaven's unmeasurable height ;  
And wide through air a blaze of glory flings :  
' Attend, ye Gods ;' (he cries) ' thou Earth re-  
ceive  
' VENUS, Love's gracious power, ascending from  
the wave.'

Bright, on a silver car, appear'd the queen ;  
In filken harness flew her swans and doves ;  
The naked Graces by her side were seen ;  
Behind her stood the Sports, and blushing Loves :  
Heaven,



Heaven, as she came, a purer blue assum'd,  
The flowery Spring was born, and Nature fairer  
bloom'd.

Even the stern god of Fury, and of War,  
MARS, from the snowy hills of savage THRACE,  
Dropp'd, for a while, his formidable spear,  
And with'd that strife and mortal hate might  
cease;

'Till then, his dreadful arm confusion hurl'd  
Wide o'er the nations round, and laid all waste the  
world.

While, thus, the radiant pomp illumines the sea,  
Aloft in air the God of Verbe and Light  
Appear'd; he lash'd the fiery steeds of Day;  
They foam'd, and spread their sparkling wings  
for flight:

Through breaking clouds they fly with heavenly  
force,  
Swift rolls the golden car, and kindles in the  
course.

High

High in the air, that brighten'd as he flew,  
 He held the lyre, and struck the vocal strings ;  
 From Heaven, and Earth, the god attention drew ;  
 And, thus, the NUPTIAL ODE prophetic sings ;  
 All Nature heard the sound ; the roaring Main,  
 With all its waves, were still'd by that celestial strain.

- ‘ Thrice happy SYDON ! let thy sons rejoice ?
  - ‘ O mighty king, the immortal fair receive ;
  - ‘ Lo ! Heaven, and all its gods, approve the choice ;
  - ‘ Behold, what glories gild the distant wave :
  - ‘ Let all the earth her duteous tribute pay ;
  - ‘ Let all the hoary deep his sovereign queen obey.
- 
- ‘ Never shall mortal thy renown exceed,
  - ‘ ‘Till in a western isle, as yet unknown,
  - ‘ A GEORGE shall to a GEORGE’S crown succeed,
  - ‘ And place a CHARLOTTE on his envy’d throne ;
  - ‘ With THEM no future lovers shall compare ;
  - ‘ HE like ADONIS blest, SHE more than VENUS fair.’

R

Now,

Now, on the crowded shore the goddess lands ;  
 ADONIS there receiv'd the beauteous bride ;  
 Old Ocean joins the ardent lovers' hands,  
 And their fond hearts in chains eternal ty'd ;  
 Back to his SYDON's walls he led the fair ;  
 Night rushes from the deep, and shades the earth  
 and air.

To bless this union all the gods combin'd,  
 And each the HYMENEAL presents made :  
 BACCHUS, the fabled conqueror of Ind',  
 Low at their feet the spoils of ASIA laid ;  
 Imperial power the queen of Heaven bestow'd ;  
 And righteous rule conferr'd the cloud-compelling  
 God.

Wisdom the blue-ey'd power of ATHENS gave ;  
 HERMES rich Eloquence and Commerce  
 brought ;  
 NEPTUNE, the empire of the boundless wave ;  
 Music, and sacred song, APOLLO taught :  
 Thus great, thus happy, young ADONIS reign'd,  
 When Beauty's charming queen, the queen of Love  
 he gain'd.



O N

MISS M. AND MISS H. HERRING.

—————Facies non una, duobus;  
Nec diversa tamen; qualis decet esse Sororum.

OVID.

**I**F one, who to another owes  
His friendship, love and care,  
Durst leave the common path of prose,  
And sing a foreign fair,

The lovely SISTERS soon would claim  
The Muses' willing lay;  
For, who could boast a sweeter theme!  
What theme more charms display!

Then, Hymen, let me not infringe  
Thy ever-sacred laws,  
If, with the Muse, I harmless range  
Awhile in Beauty's cause.

R 2

My

My heart is but to one consign'd ;  
 And constant will I prove :  
 But Friendship, sure, is unconfin'd ;  
 And all is free but Love !

For MOLLY, first. I swell the reed,  
 With each bright charm array'd ;  
 While half as many hearts still bleed,  
 As eyes survey the maid :

Yet, as not conscious of her charms,  
 Though by ten thousand told,  
 Whilst, like the Sun, her beauty warms,  
 She, like the Snow, is cold.

The healthy bloom of rosy Morn  
 Upon her cheek is seen ;  
 And, more, their favourite to adorn,  
 Each Grace bedecks her mien :

Ah ! let their fond endeavours cease,  
 They act too vain a part ;  
 Perfection, of itself, must please,  
 And must condemn all art.

Let

Let libertines and coxcombs pay  
 Their adoration round ;  
 From fair to fair still let them stray,  
 And only deal in sound ;

But, men of sense shall ever join  
 Their homage, as thy due ;  
 And, MOLLY,—at Love's awful shrine  
 Admire its power in you.

Yet, think not, dear, engaging fair,  
 That you unrivall'd reign ;  
 ANOTHER boasts of charms as rare,  
 And shares with you the plain :

For, long as MOLLY's beauties bloom,  
 And bards extol her fame ;  
 Shall lovely HARRIOT still assume  
 An ever-equal claim.

Grand as the swan that swims the THAMES,  
 We see sweet HARRIOT move ;  
 White like the swan, cold as those streams,  
 Her breast recoils from Love :



So have I heard the swains repine,  
 With many hopeless sighs,  
 Alike the beauteous SISTERS shine;  
 Alike THEY Love despise.

Amidst the pleasant hills and dales,  
 Of SURREY's fruitful coast,  
 Where CROYDON's spire o'erlooks the vales  
 The Muses value most,

These peerless buds of Nature bloom,  
 Her loveliest work and pride;  
 Ah! what could grace the drawing-room,  
 Why must the country hide!

Yet, what are all the charms I sing!  
 How helpless is their aid!  
 We know, the flowers that deck the spring,  
 Must in the winter fade!

But, as the wood is seen more clear,  
 When all the leaves are gone,  
 Their solid charms shall most appear,  
 When those of youth are flown.

When

When MOLLY's beauties we survey,  
And HARRIOT's graceful mien,  
What was the mother in her day,  
Is by the daughters seen :

And, in the mother we may view,  
When youth can please no more,  
That Time will feed on charms—'tis true,  
Yet still will add a store.

PERUVIAN LETTERS\*.

L E T T E R I.

INSCRIBED TO MISS BOYLE.

WElcome, thrice welcome, thou returning light,  
 To calm the terrors of the restless night!  
 From whence those passing fires, and wakeful noise  
 Of rolling huts, those fear-inspiring cries?  
 Do they in PARIS midnight revels keep,  
 Whose rites deprive the stranger's soul of sleep?  
 Arriving late, desponding, and dismay'd,  
 I sought some place to rest my raging head:  
 In vain my pallet promises repose;  
 The nightly tumult all that hope o'erthrows:  
 Even all the live-long night, I trembling lay,  
 In expectation of the coming day;

\* From ZILIA, a virgin educated in the temple of the Sun,  
 to AZA, prince and high-priest of PERU, at the time of the  
 SPANISH invasion.

Anxious



Anxious I wait for what the Fates intend,  
 Or when my life, or when my woes, shall end;  
 No beam of hope breaks in, but, thro' the whole,  
 Darknefs and doubt o'erwhelm my troubled soul:  
 No news of thee, no AZA comes to blefs  
 His ZILIA's eyes still swimming in diftrefs.  
 But, now, alas! I feel myself undone;  
 For, now, I weep, my Quipos almost gone;  
 That lov'd amufement, where my foul employ'd  
 A correfpondence which my love enjoy'd;  
 My hopes were flatter'd by the dear deceit;  
 My heart in plaintive cadence ceas'd to beat:  
 Delufive Fancy! the illufion flies;  
 And horrid truth appalls my opening eyes.  
 My firft intention was, that, if once more  
 Fate fhould hereafter my dear lord reftore,  
 To blefs his ZILIA on her native fhore,  
 Thefe knots might aid my memory, to trace  
 The various customs of this favage race:  
 If I, at prefent, fuch obftructions find,  
 To regulate the ideas of my mind;  
 How fhall I, then, without affiftance left,  
 And of my Quipos' wonted knots bereft?

S

'Tis

'Tis true, these savages employ an art,  
 To tell the eyes the meaning of the heart :  
 On a thin substance, beautifully white,  
 The tracing feather pictures to the sight  
 The sense reveal'd : but, can my simple brain  
 This wonderous art, this knowlege e'er obtain ?  
 'Tis Love must aid me, the attempt to make ;  
 'Tis Love must guide me, for my Aza's sake.  
 But, while the remnant of these threads afford  
 A correspondence with my absent lord,  
 These threads shall tell the wonders that I see,  
 And paint the affection of my soul for thee.  
 The gentle Cazique, studious to devise  
 New various means to dry my streaming eyes,  
 Led me, reluctant, to a spacious room,  
 Whose numerous lights forbad the nightly gloom ;  
 Here wealth, magnificence, and splendor vie  
 With art, and order, to attract the eye :  
 High on the wall, in various colours wove,  
 The enliven'd figures seem almost to move ;  
 Those glossy plains, that human art has taught  
 To double objects, wonderfully wrought,  
 In golden frames, deceive the dazzled sight,  
 By the reflection of the opposing light ;

Large

Large gilded stands their marble coverings bore ;  
 And vary'd carpets form'd the enamell'd floor.  
 But, now, a crowd of savages appear,  
 Whose urgent jargon strike my tortur'd ear :  
 Here black Curacas \*, sprucely dress'd, behold,  
 And sumptuous Anquis †, plated o'er with gold :  
 With vast magnificence the women shone,  
 In borrow'd charms, and beauty not their own ;  
 For, would'st thou think it? here, the power of Art,  
 Not Nature's gift, must reach the lover's heart ;  
 The brush, and paint, and washes have supply'd  
 The want of charms, that Nature has deny'd ;  
 To the best artists men their homage pay ;  
 And sigh for charms, that bloom but for a day.

Scarce was I enter'd, when the motley throng  
 Respectful view'd me, as I pass'd along ;  
 Each lowly bow'd, or dropp'd the bended knee,  
 And paid me homage, only due to thee :  
 With strange, ill-manner'd scrutiny they gaze ;  
 And seem to wonder, but yet seem to praise.

\* Petty sovereigns of counties.

† Princes of the blood-royal of PERU.



While, thus expos'd, and 'compass'd round, I stood,  
 My cheeks confess'd the shame-attracted blood ;  
 Most hateful this ! But now, as if inspir'd  
 With the same thought, they all at once retir'd :  
 To cards ! to cards ! a female savage cries ;  
 To cards ! the assenting croud with joy replies.  
 Now, round the table's green expanse they croud ;  
 Now, burst in clamours, sudden, wild, and loud.  
 The Cazique pointed to my wondering view,  
 Small, square, thin leaves, array'd in milk-white hue,  
 On one side this ; on the reverse appears  
 Large deep-stain'd spots, and mystic characters ;  
 These are the ministers that Fortune gives ;  
 With these, her misled votaries deceives ;  
 'Tis from their aspect each his fate attends ;  
 On these their short-liv'd happiness depends,  
 Or lasting misery ; and the shining ore  
 That decks the board, must yield to Fortune's power :  
 Precarious chance ! Now each his soul betrays ;  
 And various fortunes various passions raise :  
 Here, Indignation eyes his parting hoard,  
 While calm Contentment sweeps the shining board ;  
 Here, the pale wretch, to desperation driven,  
 Gnashes his teeth, and seems to rail at Heaven :

The

The females, too, perform their different parts,  
 While their eyes tell the emotion of their hearts ;  
 Now, for a moment, bright, serene, and clear ;  
 Then, on a sudden, clouded with despair ;  
 The unsuccessful, and successful card,  
 Alternate kiss'd, and torn, as a reward  
 Of Fortune's caprice. Whence this thirst of gain ?  
 'Twas hell-ordain'd for human nature's bane :  
 How vast a difference 'twixt thy ZILIA's soul,  
 And these, whom Wealth, and Want, alone controul.  
 For thee, dear AZA, spring my care and grief ;  
 From thee, I hope for comfort and relief ;  
 From pride, from avarice, from ambition free,  
 I only ask for Liberty, and thee.

LETTER

## L E T T E R II.

**A** H! wretched maid! those heart-felt sighs forbear!  
 Why trickles thus the unavailing tear?  
 Too well, I know, these sighs must rise in vain;  
 Too true, these tears unpity'd must complain:  
 Oh! could my soul, endu'd with proper pride,  
 Its love, its grief, its indignation hide!  
 But burst it will; my patience can no more:  
 But, to what friend? whose aid can I implore!  
 My brain's disturb'd; alas! alas! I rave;  
 What can I do? a poor forsaken slave!  
 Like birds, that spend their little idle rage,  
 And, fruitless, mourn, indignant of their cage,  
 From thought to thought my fluttering spirits rove,  
 Betray'd to bondage, and ah! lost to love.  
 Why did the hasty messenger return  
 With such dispatch, for hapless me to mourn?  
 Curs'd be the wretch that brought the tidings here,  
 Whose blasting tale, like thunder, fought my ear;  
 Curs'd be the day, when I was doom'd to see  
 My husband's heart estrang'd from widow'd me;  
Curs'd



Curs'd be that face, whose more persuasive charms  
Have lur'd the faithless AZA to her arms.

Can'st thou presume, unpunish'd, to begin  
Thy new belief with such a flagrant sin ?  
Can'st thou, with all thy crimes upon thy head,  
Approach the new-sought shrine without a dread ?  
Can Christian gods of perjur'd vows approve ?  
Can vows, once perjur'd, charm a maid to love ?  
The specious sophistry of priests have drawn  
Thy wavering heart from me, and from the Sun :  
Their barren promises such hopes have given  
Of present freedom, and a future Heaven ;  
If to their notions, willing, you subscribe,  
Thy soul is dazzled with the mighty bribe.  
First, by these methods, you abjure your throne ;  
Can'st thou be free, when royalty is gone ?  
PERUVIA's realms, where thou wert once ador'd,  
Must yield obedience to a foreign lord :  
Go, boast your freedom, foolish man ! but, still,  
You breathe dependant on your tyrant's will.  
Can'st thou, unconscious of a blush, behold  
The SPANIARD shine in thy once-subject gold ?

Or,

Or, from his hands contentedly receive  
 The scanty portion which he deigns to give ?  
 Then, for those scenes that crafty priests devise,  
 The least reflection shames the thin disguise :  
 Not thy hereafter, but their own applause  
 For thy conversion, is the real cause ;  
 In thee, reform'd, their excellence is shewn ;  
 They grant thee merit, to enhance their own.  
 Has gracious Providence its power consign'd  
 To these pale wretches, over human-kind ?  
 Who can believe, that men, of mortal mould,  
 Can grant, refuse, or barter Heaven for gold ?  
 These will absolve you from your sacred vow,  
 That once you swore, but, oh ! abjur'd it now ;  
 They'll call it Virtue, Piety, to break  
 A Pagan vow for their religion's sake :  
 Nor will suffice this circumstance alone ;  
 A Christian wife confirms you all their own.

The warring passions in my breast confound  
 My weaken'd reason, and my brain turns round.  
 Hold, let me think, is't not exceeding strange,  
 To see how prone we mortals are to change ?

A Christian,

A Christian, too ; but let me not upbraid  
The brighter beauties of that happier maid ;  
She from perdition can relieve your soul :  
Yet, who'll deny but Perjury is foul ?

Forgive me, Sir, the mighty conflict's past ;  
And rage subsides within my plaintive breast.  
Art thou inconstant ? are we doom'd to part ?  
Am I an outcast alien from your heart ?  
Am I, for ever, oh ! heart-breaking word !  
For ever torn from my remorseless lord ?  
Does not one spark of charity remain ?  
Shall I ne'er see that much-lov'd face again ?  
Oh ! could'st thou guess what agonizing smart  
Even now torments my love-afflicted heart,  
Thy generous soul would sympathize with mine,  
And all my horrors be adopted thine.  
How we have lov'd, the almighty powers can prove,  
Who once beheld us bless'd with mutual love.  
Dost thou remember on the sacred floor,  
When on your knees eternal love you swore ?  
My tender heart an equal ardour knew,  
Receiv'd your vows, and, ah ! believ'd them true :

T

Did



Did I not burn, with a sincerer flame,  
 Than e'er can warm your favourite SPANISH dame?  
 Even now, my mind, contemplating your charms,  
 Doats on the man, who fills another's arms.  
 Of this no more : and, as my fatal lot  
 Is cast to mourn, neglected and forgot,  
 I only ask the tribute of a tear,  
 When Death shall free me from my sad despair :  
 When a desponding wretch you chance to see,  
 Rous'd by that scene, bestow a thought on me.

May'st thou, most happy, with my rival live  
 In all the bliss propitious Heaven can give ;  
 May both with pleasure tread this mortal stage,  
 And drop together in a calm old age ;  
 May blessed angels waft your souls to bliss,  
 In some new world, on your release from this ;  
 Be all your errors in the grave forgiven ;  
 And all your virtues rise with you to Heaven.  
 Now hold, my heart—Adieu ! thou dear-lov'd lord !  
 How my hand trembles at that fatal word !  
 Conceive the poignant horror that I feel ;  
 I faint !—I die !—Eternally farewell !

T H E

T H E

ABSENT LOVER's REQUEST.

**T**Hough with my rival you in Person be,  
 Yet, let thy Thoughts be all employ'd on ME:  
 Let ME, alone, be all thy soul's delight;  
 Thy wish by day, and all thy dreams by night:  
 Let all thy thoughts, thy hopes, thy longings move  
 With constant tendence to the youth you love;  
 And, let thy very soul be only MINE,  
 As all MY heart and mind is only THINE.

T 2

VENUS

## VENUS ON EARTH.

**W**HAT is Beauty!—'Tis a flower,  
Blown and blasted in an hour :

'Tis a meteor passing bright,

Soon, alas ! to set in Night ;

Mixing with surrounding shades,

Lovely vision, how it fades !—

When, bursting from a golden cloud,

Thus a voice as thunder loud——

False to what Earth and Heaven adore,

Beauty, rash youth, is something more ;

Fairest daughter of the skies,

She rules the great, the brave, the wise :

Lo ! where, once stain'd with native blood !

Old SHANNON rolls his monarch flood,

In Nature's richest colouring drest

She shines, a Deity confest,

Bright as she sprung from Ocean's breast !

Mark, where her careless steps she bends,

The light-wing'd train of Joy attends,

The



The Loves their ready homage pay,  
The Smiles and Graces round her play!  
Go—behold the radiant form,  
Lovely, animated, warm!  
Yet, lest the pure ethereal light,  
Should prove too strong for human fight,  
Pleas'd she conceals her heavenly birth,  
And BLOOMFIELD is her name on earth.

THE

THE  
C H A R M.

To Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_

**D**EAR object of my tenderest care,  
Where all my hopes and wishes meet,  
For whom my heart shall burn sincere,  
'Till its true pulse forget to beat;

By Nature blest'd with every grace  
Of power, the enamour'd soul to chain;  
You task your servant's skill to trace  
The means your empire to retain:

O'er all reserve your wish prevails—  
Then, what Truth speaks, attentive hear,  
Tho' far unlike the soothing tales,  
Which Flattery pours in Beauty's ear.

It is not Beauty's brightest blaze  
 Can long support the tender flame;  
 Too soon the meteor fire decays,  
 And Folly mourns her vanish'd dream.

Nor lively Satire's pointed dart,  
 Can e'er attain the wish'd-for end;  
 Too deep her poison wounds the heart,  
 To hold the lover, or the friend.

Nor light Coquetry's practis'd airs,  
 That, flying, seeks to be pursu'd;  
 Nor starch Reserve's affected fears,  
 That mask the wishes of the prude;

Nor Learning's ostentatious pride;  
 Nor solemn Wisdom's clouded brow;  
 Nor Birth, nor Wealth's unfailing tide,  
 Can bind secure the Lover's vow.

"Where lies the Magic, then," (you cry)  
 "Dear CELADON, instruct me where?"  
 Your own unconscious bosom try—  
 The secret CHARM is written there.

The



The Chearfulness, whose steady ray  
On every object throws a grace;  
The Temper like a summer sea,  
When not a Zephyr curls its face;

The modest, unassuming Sense;  
The gentle Manners; native Ease;  
The Wit, that never gives offence;  
The unaffected Wish to please;

These, these shall keep alive Desire,  
Even in the winter of Fourcore,  
When GRADY'S eyes shall lose their fire,  
And TUTHILL'S \* beauty charm no more.

Hence learn the CHARM, ye fair and gay,  
That most imports or maid or wife:—  
The rest may triumph for a day,  
THE WISH TO PLEASE, will please for Life.

\* Mrs. TUTHILL.

THE

T H E

## LINNET AND GOLDFINCH.

ADDRESSED TO

JAMES DIGGES LATOUCHE, Esq.

**T**HAT Man is made by Nature free,  
 The tyrant grants, and slaves agree;  
 Yet few assert the mighty claim,  
 Man, born in glory, lives in shame;  
 For most, like ISAAC's hasty boy,  
 Exchange their blessing for a toy,  
 To fancy'd wants their birth-right give,  
 And living, lose the cause to live.

The light of Reason scarce we claim,  
 When Custom clouds the infant beam:  
 Man's tutor is the general voice,  
 And leaves no room to Reason's choice;

U

For

For each opinion we embrace,  
Is accident of time and place.

Next Passion rules with scepter'd sway,  
And each, by turns, commands its day ;  
Like PHAETON, they drive the team,  
And waste the world of man in flame :  
Hope's gay Elysium here displays  
Visions of Joy, and shades of Ease ;  
There Grief casts down her tear-worn eyes,  
Strikes her sad breast, and swells with sighs ;  
Here Fame with generous ardour fills,  
There Pleasure, as she kisses, kills :  
Here burns Revenge, there Anger glows,  
Here Pity weeps for others woes,  
And Love, that wins o'er every breast,  
Appears in liveries of the rest.  
Thus his own tyrant Man first reigns,  
And fits himself for foreign chains.

Is there a clime, where social life  
Feels not the wounds of public strife ?  
The first attack by sap's begun,  
A breach once made, our rights are won ;



The men awake, they ope their eyes,  
And know the angel, as she flies;  
For Freedom, as for Friends, we moan;  
'Till lost, their worth is rarely known.

Order and Peace, harmonious train,  
Attends Subordination's chain,  
Quiet and Strength we trace from this,  
And form the scale of common bliss;  
Yet links, which place and honours crown,  
Crush their inferior brethren down;  
For Power, like some unfriendly shade,  
Kills the weak plant that courts its aid.

Amidst these ills, weak, groveling Man  
Boasts himself Lord of Nature's plan;  
He boasts of Reason's heavenly light,  
He boasts—and gives up Reason's right.  
The Spendthrift vaunts in idle prate  
The rent-roll of his lost estate,  
With abject pride in bondage swells,  
And plays his chains, as beasts their bells.

But these are morals long since stale,  
And serve, to introduce a tale.

A GOLDFINCH, taken in the snare,  
Relenting Fate made CHLOE's care ;  
His streaky plumes, his native lays,  
Engag'd her love, and love her praise.  
Around him blooms of various hues  
Lavish'd the fragrance of their dews ;  
The crystal stream's transparent face  
Received new brightness from his vase ;  
What Pomp could give, his CHLOE gave ;  
Thus oft a palace holds a slave.

But now the sickly Summer burns,  
The River-gods forsake their urns ;  
The languid Flowerets lose their paint ;  
And parent Nature seems to faint.  
Then CHLOE sought the panting breeze,  
Where mix the boughs of crowding trees,  
Where the fork'd beam in vain assails,  
And Freshness breathes in lively gales ;  
Hither the nymph her charge convey'd,  
To taste the cool refreshing shade ;

Extatic

Extatic pleasure swells his veins,  
He pours to Heaven his loudest strains,  
While sportive echoes wake around,  
And undulate a kindred sound.

On some near branch a LINNET stood,  
A warbler of the neighbouring wood,  
Who ne'er debas'd his woodland song  
To mix with Flattery's venal throng;  
No lawless whim could bound his flight,  
He own'd no rule but that of right.  
Now reach'd his ear the tuneful sound,  
That joy'd the woody scenes around;  
Ravish'd he hears, then speeds his wing  
To find this favourite son of Spring:  
Not long he soar'd in curious flight,  
Before the GOLDFINCH met his sight;  
First moves his pity, then his rage,  
He sees a brother, sees a cage;  
Silent some time he trod the spray,  
At length thus burst his generous lay:

Say thou, whose melting notes proclaim  
At once thy praises, and thy shame,

While



While round thee broods the captive's woe,  
Should the loud hymns of Rapture flow ?  
Say, can'st thou drag the servile chain,  
And feel no sting of mental pain ?  
From thee the generous ardour's fled,  
Each inborn virtue hangs her head ;  
Know this, that Freedom is Life's breath,  
Who lives a Slave, he lives a Death.

See ! how unbounded I can rove,  
From hill to plain, from field to grove ;  
For me the Floweret shoots in bloom,  
Varies its hues, and breathes perfume ;  
For me thro' vales the rivulets stray,  
And curl their streams in wanton play ;  
The tree for me its boughs displays,  
A welcome skreen from mid-day blaze ;  
And Freedom tunes my grateful song,  
She grants me all—but power of wrong.

Honour and Love my hours employ,  
That spurs to danger, this to joy,  
As Justice leads, and Reason guides,  
The different call my life divides :

But

But tyrant's lusts thy joys controul,  
 Fetter thy reason, damp thy soul;  
 Unknown to thee Earth's beauties pass,  
 The golden corn, the carpet grass;  
 Thy song ne'er banish'd gloomy night,  
 Nor thank'd the Sun for warming light;  
 On thee thy country calls in vain,  
 A slave declines the embattled plain,  
 His cloud of woe is on him burst,  
 Fates, do your spite: he knows the worst.  
 Oh! rouse to Virtue, hear my call,  
 Live free, or with thy freedom fall;  
 Awake thy soul, thy shackles spurn,  
 To Liberty, or Dust, return.

Too weak thy plea, the GOLDFINCH cries,  
 False, as thy joys in freer skies;  
 No outward forms of life can grace  
 Its varied scenes with real peace,  
 The softest tints of bliss we find,  
 Are pencill'd by the easy mind;  
 Then cease to call me child of woe,  
 For Self-persuasion answers, No.

In trains I see around thy head,  
 What daily horror dangers spread ;  
 For thee the patient fowlers set  
 The viscous branch, the meshy net ;  
 Thy young each wandering boy invades,  
 And mocks the fence of thorny shades,  
 Thy tender joys he makes his prize,  
 Nor heeds thy hovering wings and cries.  
 When Winter sends her storms around,  
 And rains and frost deform the ground,  
 How chill'd each vein ! how drips each plume !  
 While Famine threatens her lingering doom :  
 But I defy the driving snows ;  
 Around me Spring eternal blows ;  
 In vain the storm attempts my rest,  
 Secure I sleep in CHLOE's breast,  
 Nestling in sweets I there can lie,  
 Where thousands, thousands wish to die.

Me should the voice of Freedom move,  
 Freedom, that boasted power to rove ?  
 Inconstant minds inclin'd to range,  
 On this pretence indulge in change,

Vary



Vary their course, as Fancy strays,  
And whirl, like chaff, in eddy maze.  
What, shall I quit my easy chain,  
And forfeit CHLOE'S smiles for pain?  
Deluder, hence, I see your snare,  
And hate you libertines of air.

Too deep, alas! has Pleasure's bowl,  
Reply'd the LINNET, drench'd thy soul;  
Thy thoughts in languid motions creep,  
And give each sense to lazy Sleep,  
While Virtue, Country, and Renown  
Lie buried in luxurious down.

Say, hast thou e'er revolv'd in mind  
The ends peculiar to thy kind?  
Why these thy wings? Are these to lie  
Unfurl'd, and strangers to the sky?  
Should these endure the pain of wounds,  
And feel the dungeon's iron bounds?  
Better had'st thou have crawl'd thy way,  
A blind inhabitant of clay.

X

Why

Why this thy voice? To wake the wood,  
 And spur thy kind to public good;  
 Not tun'd to chaunt a tyrant's praise,  
 And sooth his pamper'd hours to ease.  
 For shame! Does pain alarm thy breast?  
 Pain gives to life a pleasing zest;  
 For endless scenes of constant joy,  
 Fill the lull'd soul, and filling, cloy.  
 And when fair Liberty's the prize,  
 The hero pain or death defies.

No fickle passion Freedom gives,  
 Where Freedom reigns, there Reason lives,  
 She scorns wild Fancy's clamorous din,  
 And owns the living law within;  
 Freedom and conscience are the same,  
 And are distinguish'd but by name:  
 Why then—but now the captive's fair  
 In haste resum'd her little care,  
 The slave respectful homage paid,  
 And with his chirrup hail'd the maid;

The

The LINNET breath'd a pitying sigh,  
Chid with a look, then wing'd the sky.

Thus, studious of the public weal,  
The patriot burns with honest zeal,  
His honey'd truths awake the throng,  
And sweet Persuasion gilds his tongue:  
Who but approves the manly cause,  
Glory invites—but Danger awes.

O Thou, to whom the Muse would pay  
The offering of a friendly lay,  
Receive that praise thy country owes,  
That praise, which from thy virtue flows;  
For, while employ'd in Freedom's cause,  
Success may fail thee, not applause.

When sculptur'd bras shall mix with dust,  
And mouldering falls the laurell'd bust,  
When grateful poets' toils shall fail,  
Shrouded in dark Oblivion's veil,



Borne on the wings of Time, thy name  
Unhurt shall soar, and gather fame :  
Thy patriot worth above all art,  
Shall live, engraven on the heart \*.

\* In the year 1749, during the administration of WILLIAM, Earl of HARRINGTON, Mr. LATOUCHE, to whom this little piece is addressed, offered himself, in conjunction with Dr. LUCAS, candidate for the city of DUBLIN, and was accordingly duly elected, by a considerable majority of the citizens, to represent them in parliament. But a party soon after prevailing against him in the House, he was deprived of his seat. The Doctor could not stand the election; he had made himself obnoxious to government by his writings, which was the ostensible cause of his banishment some time before.

T H E  
R E M O N S T R A N C E.

To three young LADIES, who declared themselves dying, and insisted upon some verses to their memory.

FOR God's sake, dear LADIES, how can you  
impose

A task of this nature on me?

'Tis clear, past a doubt, and what every one knows,  
I hold not the Muses in fee.

I have courted them sometimes, 'tis true, but in vain,

They ne'er would indulge my request;

They mock'd my addresses; derided my pain;

And turn'd all my prayers to a jest.

The

The subject too, truly! supposing you dead,  
 An Elegy I must indite!  
 The town would all swear, I was turn'd in my head;  
 The town, at least, ~~on~~ would be right.

But grant me dispos'd with your wish to agree,  
 I deal not in fiction nor art;  
 How then should I furnish description for three,  
 Where each is supreme in desert?

Of Goddesses, Graces, and many such more  
 Trite fancies, 'twere easy to speak;  
 And roses, and lillies, and dimples, good store,  
 And Cupids bedecking each cheek.

The sex, tho' I stripp'd, as most Sonnetteers do,  
 And all in your persons combin'd;  
 Tho' I, and some others, might feel it full true,  
 Yet you would continue still blind.

Admit now, sweet NANCY's\* perfections I sung,  
 What more could for FANNY † be writ?  
 And JEMMY §, thy praises must die on my tongue,  
 Unless I could borrow thy wit.

[ \* Miss ANN POWER TRENCH.      † Miss NUGENT.  
 § Miss POWER TRENCH.

'Mongst



'Mongst brothers, and beauties, affection is rare,  
All ages and nations attest ;

But Concord and Friendship, this let me declare,  
Here mutually glow in each breast.

Long, blessing and blest'd then, O ! may you survive  
Still greater enjoyments to prove ;  
New pleasures from yours, my fond heart shall derive,  
Then take me a Fourth in your love.

THE

THE  
SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

A  
PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF FIFTEEN.

THE sky was clear ; the air was still ;  
The Sun had gilt the Eastern hill ;  
The silver dews impearl'd the ground ;  
And Nature breath'd her fragrance round ;  
The wild musicians of the grove  
Attun'd their little souls to love ;  
And every throat, from every spray,  
With rapture hail'd the rising day :  
When WILL, with sadly-pensive tread,  
As up the hill his flock he led,  
Saw SUS advancing, with her pail ;  
And flew to meet her on the vale :

Long

Long had the youth in secret mourn'd ;  
Nor told the flame with which he burn'd :  
Occasion call'd ; he blest'd the day ;  
And thus began the rural lay :

Observe, my fair-one, all around,  
What beauties deck the painted ground ;  
How sweet a smell the blossoms yield ;  
How rich a verdure clothes the field ;  
The skies how clear ; how soft the breeze,  
That, panting, dies upon the trees ;  
How mild the morn's ambrosial ray ;  
How lovely all the bloom of MAY.

Up yon green hill, whose wood-crown'd brow  
Hangs o'er the stream that brawls below,  
Behold, how gamesome, on the grafs,  
The flocks their jocund minutes pass ;  
And, hark ! how sweet from yonder bower,  
The birds their artless sonnets pour :  
Love guides the sports ; Love tunes the lay ;  
And all Creation owns his sway.



Pass but a little while ; and see,  
 How sad a change the Fates decree !  
 No more, the tender flocks remain  
 In sportive gambols on the plain ;  
 No more, exulting on the wing,  
 The birds their early carols sing :  
 They hang their heads——and all the gay,  
 The bright appearance melts away.

Stern Winter walks abroad——and, lo !  
 All Nature shudders at the blow :  
 His icy hand deforms the scene ;  
 And mars the glories of the green ;  
 Lays bare the Hill's enamell'd side ;  
 And strips the Meadow of its pride ;  
 Thick clouds obscure the genial ray ;  
 And all things sicken to decay.

Thus, too, from Life—or Wisdom lies—  
 Each hour steals something as it flies :  
 What pain to think ! That form of thine,  
 That lovely form shall soon decline :  
 The roses from thy cheek shall fly ;  
 The lightnings shall desert thine eye ;

And

And all thy charms' assemblage gay.  
Devouring Time shall make his prey.

O Time, O Time, O Time!

Learn, then, my fair, nor think it wrong  
To learn, the MORAL of my song:—  
The present hour do thou improve;  
And give, O give it all to Love!  
Time's on the wing—Let us be wise;  
And catch the blessing ere it flies!  
Life's but a span; and fages say,  
That Youth's the Morning of the Day!

Y. 2

THE

## THE GROTTO.

NEAR a smooth river's lonely side,  
 Where tuneful Naiads gently glide,  
 A secret GROTTO stands;  
 Within a rock's hard bosom made,  
 Hid in the gloom of awful Shade:  
 The work of Nature's hands.

This sweet retreat, that once had been  
 Of Joy and Love, the chosen scene,  
 Poor injur'd FLAVIA sought:  
 But,—to complain of DAMON's vow  
 There made, and broke;—she chose it now,  
 With Rage and Sorrow fraught.

The hollow rock, where she reclin'd,  
 She thought, was like false DAMON's mind;  
 His dark Design,—the Shade:  
 The deep smooth stream,—his tempting face:  
 Its Sound,—his tongue's deluding Grace,  
 That won, and that betray'd.

DAMON,



DAMON, one evening, as he stray'd,  
To meet some other tender maid,  
O'er-heard her mournful plaint:  
Her sighs, and tears, and soft despair,  
Infected all the neighbouring air,  
And forc'd him to relent.

And now she thinks, since DAMON's kind,  
The steady Rock still like his Mind;  
His Love, the friendly Shade:  
The clear smooth Stream,—his lovely Face;  
Its soothing Sound,—the Tongue's soft Grace,  
That all her woes repaid.

- No more be fear'd, then, Fortune's powers!
- 'Tis Fancy all our bliss devours,
- Or gives content, we find.
- Men may be happy, if they please;
- We are ourselves, our own disease;
- The fault is in the Mind.

CUPID

CUPID AND THE PAINTER.

INSCRIBED TO THE

HONOURABLE MISS ST. GEORGE.

**I** Lately saw wing'd CUPID stand,  
His crest elate with pride,  
His bow bent ready in his hand,  
His quiver by his side.

An arrow keen, of fearful length,  
He to the bow apply'd;  
Then drew the string with all his strength,  
And, "Vive l'Amour," he cry'd.

At me a certain aim he took,  
And would have pierc'd my heart;  
But, luckily, I snatch'd a Book;  
This warded off the dart.

Another,

Another, soon, he levell'd true,  
 Resolv'd that I should yield;  
 But this, like t'other, hurtless flew,  
 My Pallet\* was my shield.

Thus, every arrow shot in vain,  
 His quiver emptied quite;  
 I laugh'd to see the urchin's pain,  
 He cry'd for very spite.

But me the rogue at length beguil'd,  
 In ambush for my heart;  
 He shot—just when EMILIA smil'd,—  
 Unerring was the dart.

\* An implement of a Shield-like form, on which Painters hold and blend their colours.

NEXT



[ 168 ]

N E X T M O R N I N G .

T O

RICHARD CHAMBERLAINE, Esq.

Beaufort Buildings, LONDON.

**W**HAT means this fury in my veins ?  
This fire that hisses thro' my brains ?  
Ah me! my head! my head!  
My pulses beat; parch'd up my tongue;  
Dry are my palms; my nerves unstrung;  
And every sense is fled.

Now nauseous qualms my bosom heave,  
And, Oh! such sad sensations give;  
Too exquisite to name!  
In dizzy mists my eye-balls swim;  
A languor creeps o'er every limb,  
And all unmans my frame.

What

What crime, or what offence of mine,  
 Could so provoke the powers divine,  
 This punishment to send;  
 Poison to man I never gave;  
 Ne'er wish'd my father in his grave;  
 Nor ever stabb'd my friend.

But patience! I deserve it all.  
 What name shall I my folly call?  
 My folly! oh! 'twas madness.  
 With blooming health my bosom glow'd;  
 Calm and serene my spirits flow'd,  
 And fill'd my heart with gladness.

Freedom, with sweet Contentment join'd,  
 And Fortune, too, with smiles was kind,  
 To crown my happy days;  
 No fears my humble state annoy'd;  
 Life's every blessing I enjoy'd;  
 And Peace smooth'd all my ways.

When, lo! a cruel spoiler came;  
 Disguis'd with Friendship's sacred name,

Z

A trea:

A treacherous design :

He talk'd of Mirth, of Joy, of Jest ;  
His arts prevail'd ; he gave a feast ;  
And, oh ! he gave me Wine.

Frequent and full the glass I quaff ;  
Louder and more no man could laugh ;  
I thought not of To-morrow ;  
But dire misfortunes did succeed ;  
To-morrow brought an aching head,  
And fill'd my heart with sorrow.

Oh ! fatal, and accursed hour,  
And Claret's more pernicious power :  
How could'a friend do this ?  
To cheat me with a seeming joy,  
And in a moment to destroy  
Whole years of treasur'd blifs.

Restore, restore the genial day ;  
Restore my spirits free and gay,  
And give me back my senses ;  
Happy, if e'er again I find  
Dear Health of Body, Peace of Mind ;  
I'll smile, and pity princes.

But



But farewell feast, and farewell riot;

For sober ease, and decent quiet,

The bottle I resign;

Firm to pursue this better plan,

To drink small-beer, and make the man,

Fair Temperance, ever thine.

POWERS COURT.

ADDRESSED TO

RICHARD WINGFIELD, Esq.

*Dii tibi divitias deduxant, artesque fruendi.* Hor.

THE muse forgetting, by the muse forgot,  
 The thing I relish least become my lot;  
 Doom'd to a country church, remote and poor,  
 And what is still more dreadful, serve the cure!  
 No sprig of Laurel left, but in my pews,  
 How can I write? yet how shall I refuse?  
 My Life, a loitering sedentary calm,  
 My taste for song, a penitential psalm!  
 Much tir'd I am with hearing news from SPAIN,  
 And ill inform'd state matters to explain.  
 What method then to please shall I pursue?  
 For once I'll venture—and indite to you.

To me! you cry, pray, Sir, on what pretence?  
 A just esteem for candour, and good-sense;

For

For the plain Heart, benevolent design;  
 The warmth humane, or, if you will, divine!  
 What name becomes you best? One late in print  
 The MAN of ROSS, seems no improper hint,  
 Whose gracious gates, like your's, receiv'd the poor,  
 Nay more your merit—for your fortune's more!  
 Like his, your worth sincere, and not a sound;  
 Like him, a blessing to your country round;  
 To him, Age, Want, and Sickness paid their Vow;  
 That man thus thought and liv'd—as you do now.

Charm'd with this theme, tho' indolent so long;  
 With prose bemus'd; quite reprobate in song;  
 In awe I reassume the votive pen;  
 And (peace be to APOLLO) write again.  
 Me CYNTHIUS check'd \* in early life's career;  
 Desist, he cry'd, and gently twitch'd my ear;  
 Desist from verse, an art beyond your reach;  
 But (tho' a Heathen God) he bade me preach:  
 I bow'd, assented, and submissive chose  
 To abdicate the lyre, and drudge in prose.

\* —————Cynthius aurem

Vellit et admonuit: ————— Vn c. Ecl. 6.

But



But should Fate lead me to a work like thine,  
 My bosom kindles, and my thoughts refine;  
 With softest verse I press the muse once more,  
 And (not to break old customs) thus implore.  
 Attend in sky-dipt robes, ye smiling Hours!  
 Unlock your crystal springs, and mossy bowers,  
 Crowd each luxuriant image Wit can feign,  
 And paint, O Muse! the eye-enchancing scene;  
 Give wings to Thought; to rapid Fancy fire——  
 (The meanest judge can gaze, and just admire)  
 Romantic clime! where'er I turn my eyes,  
 Elysian walks, and classic landscapes rise!  
 Enthusiastic Fancy seems to see  
 A TEMPE bloom; for such shall POWERSCOURT be!

O! let my rapt imagination trace  
 The fite, and sylvan genius of the place,  
 Where Nature varies, yet unites each part,  
 And Chance reflects advantages to Art.  
 Or let my eyes in bold excursions gain  
 The swelling vista, and the sinking plain,  
 Where a free heaven the fight's wide empire fills,  
 And melts in distant clouds, and blueish hills;

Or,

Or, caught where views more regular appear,  
 Take in the verdant slope, and rais'd parterre.  
 Hence, from this taste, are numbers pleas'd and fed;  
 The Wise have pleasure; the Distress'd have bread.  
 This taste brings profit, and improves with sense,  
 And thro' a thousand channels turns expence;  
 Benevolence in numerous streams imparts,  
 And ends in Virtue what began in Arts;  
 Removes sharp Famine, Sicknes and Despair;  
 Relieves the asking eye, the rising tear;  
 Such woe as late o'er pale HIBERNIA past,  
 And such, ye Guardian Powers, we wish the last!  
 If Public Spirit shines, 'tis just at least,  
 To give some glory too to Public Taste,  
 Which bids proud Art the pillar'd fabric raise;  
 Scoops the rough rock, and levels vast highways!  
 Plans future woods for prospect and defence;  
 And forms a bower a hundred summers hence;  
 Ideal groves, and beauties just in view—  
 But such, my friend, as Time shall bring to you.

Fresh blow your gardens! intermingl'd Scene!  
 Grass-carpet walks, and green encircling green;

A che-

A chequer'd space, alternate sun and shade ;  
 The country round, one wide delicious glade ;  
 Enamell'd vales, with fair horizon's bound,  
 Here towering woods, and pendant rocks surround ;  
 With graceful sweeps here mazy windings run,  
 Or gently meet in lines where they begun ;  
 Here gushes down steep steps a ductile rill,  
 There spreads in fluid azure, broad and still ;  
 So mix'd the views, so exquisitely shewn,  
 Each flowery field, and valley seems your own ;  
 While Nature smiles, obsequious to your call,  
 Directs, assists, and recommends it all ;  
 At last she gives, O ! Art, how vain thy aid !  
 To crown the beauteous work—a vast cascade !

Say, Muse ! who dwell'ft where mighty SHANNON  
 roars,

That once divided empires with his shores,  
 Say, in his western course immense and fair,  
 Can all his falls and cataracts compare ?  
 Let grand VERSAILLES her liquid landscapes boast ;  
 Pure scenes of Nature here delight us most ;  
 Her rudest prospects bid the fancy start,  
 And snatch the soul beyond the works of Art.—

O ! would



O! would some master hand adorn your walls,  
 And catch the living fountain as it falls!  
 The gay original would crown your dome,  
 And you then boast your noblest scene at home!  
 Lo! down the rock which clouds and darkness hide,  
 In wild meanders spouts a silver tide;  
 Or sprung from dropping mists, or wintry hills,  
 Rolls the large tribute of the cloud-topp'd hills;  
 But should the damp-wing'd tempest keenly blow,  
 With whistling torrents, and descending snow,  
 In one huge heap the showery whirlpools swell,  
 And deluge wide the tract where first they fell;  
 'Till, from the headlong verge of yon black steep,  
 A tumbling river bursts intense and deep;  
 From rock to rock its boiling flood is broke,  
 And all below the waters surge in smoke.—  
 So vast the height, no distance seems between  
 The mountain's summit, and the blue serene.  
 So wond'rous fierce the sloping torrents roll!  
 Such still amazement fixes all the soul!  
 So hoarse the thunder of the rushing tide,  
 The sense can scarce receive a sound beside!  
 Tho' the green glades with one wild concert ring,  
 And thro' the woodland warbles all the spring.—

A a

Just

Just where the beam of light distended fails,  
 Up the clear infinite the Eagle fails !  
 Or half-way down the precipice's head,  
 White lingering fogs, and dew-bright clouds are  
 spread.

The soul from indolence to rapture wakes,  
 'Till on the unfolding ear the water breaks.  
 This sound, when night has sadden'd all the skies,  
 Far off the traveller hears with wild surprize.  
 High o'er the waving landscape, dark with trees,  
 A distant murmur swells upon the breeze,  
 Now near, now dying, varies with each blast,  
 Then settles in a fullen roar at last.

Thus where the Nile's first parent Urn is found,  
 Her cataracts rush down (a dizzy sound !)  
 Wide and more wide the dreadful echoes run,  
 Pierce thro' the burning zone, and meet the Sun.

Description flags—let Thought the rest express ;  
 A theme untouch'd, delicious to excess !  
 Profuse of all the soul can wish, or love ;  
 A landscape in the golden dreams of Jove !  
 O that my breast with PÆAN's flames were smit !  
 Or ardent as my wish, sublime my wit !

(If for a verse like mine I could engage)  
 This deathless stream should flow from age to age.  
 But stop, fond Muse,—or soar to bolder lays;  
 The finish'd feat demands the founder's praise;  
 Where Taste sets off, and dignifies expence,  
 Rich without glare; magnificent with sense.  
 As in some piece a TITIAN's hand has wrought  
 The fair result, and eloquence of Thought,  
 Where light and shadow blend in social strife,  
 And every glorious colour streams with life;  
 Thus in improvement shines the Attic taste;  
 Thus EDEN springs where late you found a waste.  
 Sketch'd in your house, the candid heart we view,  
 Its grace, strength, order, all reflecting you;  
 Yet, pleas'd to see, and fonder still to tell,  
 Your candid heart becomes that house so well;  
 The mirthful look; kind air without controul;  
 The easy converse, and the flow of soul.

How flush'd my thought! how charm'd my eye  
     survey'd,  
 The gilt profile, and stately colonade;  
 There arch'd HESPERIAN windows drink the noon;  
 Here fluted DORICS raise the rich saloon;



The pile all o'er for gazing homage calls,  
 In fretwork cielings, and historic walls;  
 Ætherial dyes the glowing canvas stain,  
 And here fair ITALY's best triumphs reign.  
 Thus while my sight the pictur'd views amaze,  
 In keen excursions vigorous Fancy strays;  
 Now beats my heart, or emulous I burn,  
 At TULLY's Tusculum, or VIRGIL's Urn:  
 Still green with bays the hallow'd ruins stand;  
 Still crown'd with Fame the hallow'd names command;

Full on my conscious soul their glories strike;  
 And, for your sake, I sigh to write unlike.—  
 But for these lines, (yet menacing some more)  
 Mean as they are, their passage I implore.  
 I know your judgment polish'd, yet humane;  
 Your temper, apt to give your judgment pain;  
 Dispos'd to think, to feel for human race,  
 And even in this bad age to shew some grace;  
 To act as reason and good sense require;  
 Ah! how unlike the modern country 'squire!  
 By your applause, verse low as mine can live;  
 Nor can I make more faults, than you forgive.

A P E R-

P E R S I A N T A L E :

INSCRIBED TO

MASTER JAMES NUGENT, OF CLONLOST.

A N humble Dervise liv'd of yore ;  
No treasures he possess'd ;

Yet was his mind, with wisdom's store,

And heaven's protection bless'd,

Full fourscore well-spent, holy years,

A pilgrim's life he led :

Serenely gay the saint appears ;

For angels gave him bread.

His copious locks, like feather'd snow,

The peace of God bespeak ;

His eyes with warmth celestial glow ;

With healthful red, his cheek.

At MECCA, he had often been,

And every holy place ;

The bless'd ELIAS oft had seen

Corporeal \* face to face.

\* The MANOMETANS believe that ELIAS never died ; but  
was translated alive into Heaven.

It

It happen'd once, at BAIRAM's feast,\*

To fair SPAHOUN † he came :

A RAJA § claim'd him for his guest,

In honour of his fame.

The pious pilgrim blest'd the board,

With costly viands crown'd,

Regardless of the splendid hoard,

That glittered all around.

A pot of sweetmeats near him stood ;

On this he cast an eye ;

Seem'd quite forgetful of his food,

And drown'd in revery.

But gushing tears, at length, betray'd

The anguish of his breast ;

And heavy sighs their passage made,

That shew'd an heart oppress'd.

• O ! Sons of pomp, and vanity !

The prudent sage began,

• In this small vessel you may see

• The history of man.

\* A yearly festival of the MAHOMETANS, beginning on the day of the new-moon, in APRIL.

† ISAPHAN ; so called by the PERSIANS.

§ A title of honour in PERSIA, something similar to our Dukes.

• This



- This pot an emblem true conveys
  - Of earth, and all its joys ;
- And shews the thousand various ways,
  - How man himself destroys——
- Behold the busy, anxious flies,
  - That hover round these sweets,
- See ! how, like us, each insect vies,
  - 'Till each his ruin meets.
- Some on the borders gently tread,
  - And sip with cautious touch,
- While others eagerly are led
  - To plunge, and take too much.
- The first, from danger soon are freed,
  - By no strong tye detain'd ;
- The second, justly are decreed
  - The death their rashness gain'd.
- Hence, mortals, wisely learn to shun
  - False pleasure's fatal cup :
- Drink lightly ; or you'll be undone,
  - Engulph'd and swallow'd up.
- You, like the one, who gently taste,
  - When AZIEL † calls aloud,
- To blest'd abodes, with joy shall haste,
  - And quit the giddy croud :
- † AZIEL, the Angel of death.

- \* But, if, by passions blindly led,
- \* That no true medium know,
- \* With quick destruction on your head,
- \* You'll sink to endless woe.

O D E:  
T O T H E M U S E.

Q U E E N of the song! thou, to whose power,  
On every hill, in every shade,  
At Morn's grey dawn, or evening hour,  
Unnumber'd vows are daily paid;  
Warm'd by whose fires, the Bard is taught  
To hail thy power divine;  
Whose aid gives strength to every thought,  
And brightens every line;  
Whether it joys thee most to rove  
Amid the stillness of the grove,  
Or Morn's ambrosial breeze inhale  
In TWICKENHAM's flower-enamell'd vale;  
Whether thy careless limbs are laid  
Where HAGLEY spreads her verdant shade?  
Or, pensive, bending o'er the flood,  
That brawls through WINDSOR's royal wood,

B b

O hither



O hither wing thy form benign !  
 To me impart thy heavenly fire !  
 Propitious hear ; and let one ray divine  
 The last, the meanest of your train inspire !

Come, then, O come, and bring along  
 With thee, thy whole celestial train ;  
 Fair Truth, to grace the moral song ;  
 And Elegance, that loves the plain :  
 Let frolic Nature too be there,  
 While Art her flight restrains ;  
 Let Fancy mount the rapid car,  
 And Judgement hold the reins :  
 Let Eloquence her beauties join ;  
 And Wit her softer charm combine :  
 Let Sense with Sweetness, too, conspire ;  
 And female Ease, with manly Fire :  
 Let bright Invention's magic sway  
 Wake airy nothings into day ;  
 And Memory, goddess heavenly-born,  
 Bid times long past again return :  
 Haste, then, O haste thee from the skies ;  
 And teach me all thy art to move,  
 By secret springs to bid the passions rise,  
 Swell'd into Rage, or soften'd into Love.

All being owns thy wonderous sway,  
 And Nature bows before thy shrine ?  
 Earth, Sea, and Air, thy voice obey,  
 And Grace, and Harmony are thine :  
 Through realms unknown, thy power sublime  
 Can wing it's boundless race ;  
 Thy passage nor restrain'd by Time,  
 Nor circumscrib'd by Place :  
 Thine eye can pierce the deep, dark shade,  
 Which old Antiquity has made ;  
 The present hours to thee are known ;  
 And time to come is all thy own :  
 Whene'er thou wav'st thy magic wand,  
 New worlds leap forth at thy command ;  
 And all along the fairy ground  
 Ideal beings start around ;  
 New beauties gild the azure skies ;  
 A fresher verdure clothes the meads ;  
 And while new suns in brighter glory rise,  
 New groves extend their visionary shades.  
 Sweet mistress of the pleasing tear,  
 Let not thy votary plead in vain !  
 Queen of the song, propitious hear  
 A bard, who woos thee to the plain !

By yon green lawn that eyes the flood,  
 Do thou my footsteps lead,  
 Where BEWLEY's venerable wood  
 Extends its ample shade :  
 Wrapp'd in the stillness of the bower,  
 While birds around their sonnets pour,  
 On every thorn while beauty blooms,  
 While every breeze exhales perfumes,  
 In such a feat how sweet to shun  
 The fervour of the mid-day sun !  
 To read soft love in MYRA's eye,  
 And bless the minutes as they fly !  
 Power, Fame, and Fortune I resign—  
 Let this alone to me be given ;  
 Be THOU, fair Queen, be THOU, and MYRA, mine !  
 MYRA, and THOU, are all I ask of Heaven !



A

FAMILIAR EPISTLE

To J. H. Esq. near KILLARNEY.\*

Written from DUBLIN, AUGUST, 1758.

DEAR to my heart, my joy, my pride,  
 My youth's example, and my guide,  
 To whom the Muse, with artless tongue,  
 Her earliest gratulations sung;  
 Wak'd by whose friendly voice, again,  
 She takes the long-neglected pen;  
 And, borne on trembling pinions, tries  
 A short excursion to the skies:  
 Whether, around the festive bowl,  
 To Mirth you give th' unbended soul;  
 Or, from the social scene withdraw,  
 Bewilder'd in the maze of law:  
 Whether, in Rockwood's bowers reclin'd,  
 Fair Nature's charms engage your mind;

\* Mr. H. to whom this epistle is addressed, after having spent about two years at the TEMPLE, had at this time returned to IRELAND, partly upon a visit to his friends in that kingdom, and partly to attend the election of a representative for the county of KERRY.

The

The untaught music of the wood,  
 The murmurs of the distant flood;  
 Or, begging crowds,—with supple knee,  
 Instead of qualifying fee,  
 With tale, in piteous accent spoken,  
 Of heads, or ribs, or fences broken—  
 The morning's early walk invade,  
 And haunt you to the secret shade:  
 Whatever scenes your hours engage,  
 The sports of Youth, the faws of Age,  
 Th' election-feast, the public strife,  
 Or, the mild joys of private life,  
 Quick from the busy crowd get free;  
 The present hour belongs to me;  
 Drive from your mind each anxious care,  
 And give the Muse protection there;  
 Defend her inexperience'd youth  
 From the fell Critic's venom'd tooth;  
 And, should some few indulgent eyes  
 Admire her plumage, as she flies,  
 Let this her favourite boast, be known,  
 That every feather is her own.

From

From this dull town's unvarying scene,  
 Where Smoke, and Noise, and Folly reign ;  
 Where Virtue's hallow'd flames expire ;  
 And Health, and Joy, with sighs, retire ;  
 Where Cards infernal vigils keep ;  
 And Politics have "murder'd sleep ;"  
 Where fogs and mists, in black array,  
 With horrid gloom obscure the day ;  
 And clouds of dust, or floods of rain,  
 Gay Fancy's magic power restrain ;  
 From such a place, O say, my friend,  
 What present can the Poet send ?  
 No fragrance here the morn supplies ;  
 No lustre gilds the evening skies ;  
 Nor verdant field, nor summer flower,  
 Nor music, floating through the bower,  
 One pleasing image can suggest,  
 Or waken rapture in the breast :  
 Instead of these, from sleep I start,  
 Rouz'd by the rattling of a cart ;  
 The hoarseness of the Dirt-man's throat,  
 The Chimney-sweeper's grating note,  
 With "Shoes to mend," and "Cloaths to sell,"  
 In union harsh the concert swell ;

Sounds,



Sounds, void of harmony and grace,  
That fright the Muses from the place.

Where such impediments unite,  
You'll sure allow, 'tis hard to write;  
Yet, faith, when in the rhyming vein,  
To me 'twere harder to refrain;  
Write then I must, come what come may—  
The powerful impulse I obey.  
The pens in ready order stand;  
A second sheet is near at hand;  
Your doom is past; and something cries,  
"The Lord have mercy on your eyes!"

Here, JACK, take notice, I proclaim,  
(Few Rards, I doubt, would do the same)  
However elegant the lays,  
I don't insist upon your praise:  
I wish to please, you may believe;  
But, though I fail, I shall not grieve;  
For, when, at great expence and care,  
I offer you my choicest fare,  
Though you may disapprove the feast,  
I gratify myself, at least.

Sick

Sick of the joys, and tasteless grown  
 To all the follies of the town ;  
 Vex'd with the scene of endless strife,  
 You'll ask me—How I spend my life ?  
 Know then, my friend—in garret high,  
 Three stories mounted to the sky ;  
 A PRIOR here ; a PLOWDEN there ;  
 And cloaths and books on every chair ;  
 As Fancy leads, in various way,  
 I pass the morning of the day.

Sometimes, I view, with filial awe,  
 The reverend fathers of the law ;  
 (Names which the Muse can ne'er rehearse,  
 Nor Art can soften into verse)  
 Anxious, explore the secret cells,  
 Where venerable Science dwells ;  
 Submissive, bend before her shrine ;  
 And dig instruction from the mine.

Sometimes, with Sage, or Chief renown'd  
 Again I tread the classic ground ;  
 With TULLY walk ; delighted rove  
 In PLATO's academic grove ;

Point out each time-distinguish'd spot,  
 In freedom's cause where heroes fought;  
 And trace each various clime anew,  
 Where ROME's immortal eagles flew;  
 Or, great in arts, as well as arms,  
 Old ATHENS scatter'd her alarms.

Sometimes, in HOMER's sacred page,  
 The Muse's charms my thoughts engage:  
 Now TROY's proud citadel appears—  
 The battle thunders in my ears—  
 The victors shout; and ILION falls—  
 I hear—I see the nodding walls:  
 Now, milder views her power supplies;  
 ELYSIAN scenes in prospect rise;  
 Along the fair poetic ground,  
 Ideal beings start around;  
 And, borne aloft on Fancy's wings,  
 I talk with Gods, and dine with Kings.

When SOL his broader face displays,  
 And westward slopes his evening rays,  
 I sometimes ramble, 'till 'tis dark,  
 In the NEW-GARDEN, or the PARK;

Chat



Chat with the Girls of dress or place;  
 Direct a patch; admire a lace;  
 And, with a well-feign'd rapture view,  
 A founce, a ribbon, or a shoe;  
 As Whim directs, I blame, or praise;  
 And say—whate'er the Circle says—  
 'The prettiest hat—the finest fan'  
 And—'BARRY is a charming man!'—  
 And, while their humours thus I hit,  
 Lord! how they wonder at my wit!

Or, sometimes to the GLOBE\* I stray,  
 To hear the trifle of the day;  
 There learned Politicians spy,  
 With thread-bare cloaks, and wigs awry,  
 Assembled round, in deep debate  
 On PRUSSIA's arms, and BRITAIN's fate;  
 Whilst one, whose penetration goes,  
 At best, no farther than his nose,  
 In pompous, military strain,  
 Fights every battle o'er again:  
 Important as a new-made lord,  
 He spills his coffee on the board;

\* The Globe coffee-house, in ESSEX STREET, DUBLIN.

Thence marks intrenchments, posts, and lines—  
Here mounts the breach--there springs the mines—  
And buffling, arrogant, and loud,  
Thus dictates to the gaping crowd—

“ The AUSTRIAN foot was posted there—

“ The King attack’d them in the rear—

“ That disposition I commend ;

“ Although it did not serve his end—

“ But, all the world must own, in this,

“ The monarch acted quite amiss—

“ Say what you will, I can’t but blame—

“ And LUXEMBURGH would do the same.”

‡ Such folks there are, my friend ; and you  
Have seen the like in LONDON too ;

Who—as, no doubt, all patriots should—

Neglect their own, for BRITAIN’S good ;

‡ One of these coffee-house politicians is admirably painted  
by our late lively and spirited satyrist, Dr. YOUNG.

CHREMES, for airy pensions of renown,  
Devotes his service to the state and crown ;  
All schemes he knows ; and, knowing, all improves ;  
Though BRITAIN’S thankless, still this patriot loves.  
But patriots differ:—some may shed their blood ;—  
He—drinks his coffee—for the publick good.

And

And nobly quit domestic things,  
To model states, and counsel kings.

Tir'd of the noise, the smoke, the men,  
I leave the coffee-house at ten;  
Retire to rest about eleven;  
And seldom wake 'till six, or seven.

Some news I now would try to tell;  
But \* FAULKNER, sure, will do as well:  
And, to say truth, the town supplies  
Scarce aught that's worthy of your eyes.

† But hark!—What shouts now pierce mine ears?  
In every face what joy appears?  
What means that peal? That solemn sound?  
What sudden glory blazes round?  
See, lightening flashing from his eyes,  
Great WARREN's mighty spirit rise!  
See HENRY's warlike shade advance!  
See EDWARD raise his threatening lance!

\* FAULKNER's Dublin Journal, which was inclosed in this letter.

† The account of the surrender of LOUISBOURG arrived in DUBLIN, just at the time this letter was written.

Frowning



Frowning they come—and hark ! once more  
 Our thunders shake the GALLIC shore !  
 Starting, indignant, from his den,  
 The BRITISH lion roars again ;  
 Destruction whelms yon falling towers ;  
 And LOUISBOURGH once more is ours !  
 Fir'd by the theme, too high the muse,  
 With eager wing, her flight pursues—  
 Here, then, as modesty demands,  
 I leave the task to abler hands.

You'll own, I hope—for sure 'tis true—  
 'Tis now my turn to question you :  
 When next you write, then, prithee, say,  
 How roll the busy hours away ?  
 Which most does your attention draw,  
 Hounds, fiddles, partridge,—or the law ?  
 Does party-zeal your time employ,  
 That foe to peace and social joy ?  
 Or friendly Love, and chearful Wine,  
 To sprightlier thoughts your heart incline ?  
 When books fatigue, and cares alarm,  
 And sports, long known, no longer charm,

Say,

Say, do you haunt the rustic cells,  
 Where Echo, sportive dryad, dwells?  
 There, listening with astonish'd ear,  
 Half pleas'd, and half affrighted, hear  
 The mimic thunders burst around,  
 While the hills tremble at the sound?  
 Or, from some cliff, whose summit bleak  
 Hangs o'er the bosom of the lake,  
 Survey the beauties of the scene;  
 The russet hill; the meadows green;  
 The wonders of the various ground;  
 And seats, and islands, scatter'd round?  
 Or, led by melancholy GRAY,  
 To the lone church-yard bend your way;  
 And there, your listless body thrown  
 Along some rude, unsculptur'd stone,  
 Grieve to reflect, one common grave  
 Awaits the coward, and the brave;  
 And—ne'er, alas! to rise again—  
 That PITT must die, like other men?

O, how I long with thee to share  
 The rural sports, and rural air!

With

With early hound to beat the fields,  
 And try the joys the thicket yields !  
 With books to cheat the lingering night,  
 And mingle profit with delight !—  
 You ask me, when I think to go—  
 To tell the truth, I do not know ;  
 Nor is it easy to divine ;  
 Since others' wills must govern mine ;  
 But this I'll venture to declare,  
 You'll surely see me—when I'm there.

Here, JACK, before my letter ends,  
 I should enquire for other friends :  
 But that would take a fide at least ;  
 And now—the Postman is in haste :  
 If, then, I should proceed to write,  
 My letter could not go to night :  
 Do thou apologize ; and tell,  
 All such as love me, I am well.—  
 Adieu !—If you approve the song,  
 Pray let your answer be as long.

SONG.



## S O N G.

**W**HEN first thy soft lips I but civilly prefs'd,  
 ELIZA, how great was my blifs !  
 The fatal contagion ran quick to my breast ;  
 I lost my poor heart with a kiss.

And now, when supremely thus blest with your sight,  
 I scarce can my transports restrain ;  
 I wish, and I pant, to repeat the delight ;  
 And kiss you again, and again.

In raptures I wish to enjoy all those charms ;  
 Still stealing from favour to favour——  
 Now, now, O ye Gods ! let me fly to your arms,  
 And kiss you for ever and ever.

D d

THE

T H E  
LAWYER'S PRAYER.  
A FRAGMENT.

**O**RDAIN'D to tread the thorny ground,  
Where few, I fear, are faithful found ;  
Mine, be the conscience void of blame ;  
The upright heart ; the spotless name ;  
The tribute of the widow's prayer ;  
The righted orphan's grateful tear !  
To Virtue, and her friends, a friend ;  
Still may my voice the Weak defend !  
Ne'er may my prostituted tongue  
Protect th' Oppressor in his wrong ;  
Nor wrest the spirit of the laws,  
To sanctify the Villain's cause !  
Let others, with unsparing hand,  
Scatter their poison through the land ;  
Enflame dissention, kindle strife ;  
And strew with ills the path of life ;

On

On such, her gifts let Fortune shower ;  
 Add wealth to wealth, and power to power ;  
 On me, may favouring heaven bestow  
 That peace which good men only know.  
 The joy of joys, by few possess'd ;  
 Th' eternal sunshine of the breast !  
 Power, Fame, and Riches, I resign—  
 The praise of Honesty be mine ;  
 That Friends may weep ; the Worthy sigh ;  
 And Poor Men bless me, when I die !



S T A N Z A S,

WRITTEN

On a Blank Leaf of WEBB's Beauties of Poetry,  
Painting, &c.

PRESENTED TO

The Right Hon. Lady ELIZABETH BIRMINGHAM.

**T**O cultivate the Arts inclin'd,  
Their beauties skill'd to trace,  
Bespeaks a liberal polish'd mind;  
Exists not in the base.

Perusing SHAKESPEAR's lofty thought,  
Or what a RAPHAEL drew,  
By something heavenly are we caught,  
And learn to be so too.

Alike, when HANDEL's magic strains,  
The listening soul invite,  
Delight in every bosom reigns,  
And virtue with delight.

This,

This, WERE in every page displays,  
Himself the living test ;  
And, rendering others ample praise,  
His own stands forth confess'd.

By thee, ELIZA, all are lov'd ;  
By thee in practice grac'd ;  
Thy noble mind by all improv'd,  
In virtue, judgement, taste.

To greatness born, and form'd to shine,  
Be still the Arts thy care ;  
Nor let meek Industry repine,  
Nor modest Worth despair.

Desert shall raise her grateful head,  
To hail thy wish'd approach ;  
And Orphans' blessings round thee spread,  
Drive Envy from thy coach.

Nor let the Widow's asking tear,  
In vain, assail thine eye ;  
For heaven respects the Widow's prayer.  
Repays the kind supply.

Secure I plead, nor doubt success;  
 Thy fame my great concern;  
 For, where the lesson is, to bless,  
 I know thee apt to learn.

Swift, on the wings of radiant truth,  
 Abroad thy merit flies;  
 Thy praise, sweet maid, fills every mouth;  
 Thy charms engage all eyes.

And honest pride dilates my heart,  
 While plaudits crown thy name;  
 My boast, all goodness as thou art,  
 I blew the glorious flame.

WATERSTOWN,  
 Tuesday, Dec. 25, 1770.



THE  
LAST BOTTLE.

WITH A  
RECEIPT for making PUNCH.  
To a FRIEND.

ONE bottle of Arrack, the last of my store,  
(For your sake, and mine, I could wish it were  
more)

From the cave, where quite bury'd in saw-dust it lay,  
Restor'd once again to the light of the day,

To the friends of the Muse, whose benevolent care  
Our labours reward with a plumb, or a pear,

The Poet presents—and, lest you mistake it,  
He sends you, moreover, Instructions to make it—

As the bottle is big, and the liquor is rough,

Four lemons, I doubt, will be little enough :

For sugar, you know it depends upon taste ;

But 'twill take, in my mind, half a pound at the least :

Let your water be boil'd ; and, when it is cool,

Pour in just two quarts—an infallible rule—

Then

Then stir it three times ; the business is done.

(If you have not a ladle, make use of a spoon)

Fill your glasses all round ; and—you know what  
should follow—

'Long life, and good health to the sons of APOLLO !'

RENE:

I R E N E :

A CANTO, ON THE PEACE.

INSCRIBED TO THE  
PROVOST and FELLOWS of TRINITY COLLEGE.

THE A R G U M E N T.

AUGUSTA bids rich Commerce haste,

IRENE to restore ;

Whom, Earth's wide regions having past,

She finds on SLANY's shore.

QUEEN of the deathless song, and golden lyre,  
Immortal muse ! begin some lofty theme ;

So may thy BRITONS catch the hallow'd fire,  
So may thy bards, in wondrous lays, proclaim

The warrior's dangers, and the patriot's name ;

Striking with daring hand the founding strings,

And fill'd with rapture at great ALBION's fame,

From SLANY's echoing banks, a shepherd sings

The fall of mighty hosts, the wars of EUROPE's kings.

E e

Oft



Oft through the solemn loneliness of night,  
 Musing, he wandered near the toiling flood,  
 While mimic fancy drew before his sight,  
 The dreadful glorious scene, of kings subdued,  
 Towns wrapp'd in flames, and armies bath'd in blood;  
 But now the horrid visions rise no more,  
 Nor threatening camps, or hostile fleets he view'd,  
 The storm of war, which shook the world, is o'er,  
 And peaceful halcyons soon revisit ALBION'S shore.

O, PEACE! thou favourite daughter of the skies,  
 What happy region boasts thy blissful reign?  
 In what calm shades the lovely vestal lies,  
 Or treads the mountain hill, or shadowy plain?  
 Joy of the village-nymph, and constant swain!  
 Around thee, goddess! endless blessings wait,  
 Each social virtue mingles in thy train;  
 While wealth and commerce join to form thy state,  
 Beyond the pomp of kings, the pride of conquest great.

Desire of earth! the soul of every joy!  
 Unfading laurels deck thy placid brow;  
 In vain the furies labour to destroy,  
 While thou repair'st the waste of war below;  
 Thy guardian care the cherish'd muses know,  
 Each

Each graceful elegance, and finer art;  
 Each life-endearing charm thou canst bestow,  
 Canst on the worthless thy rewards impart,  
 Pour'd e'en on Faction's head, and Treason's felon  
 heart.

Yet oft hath man, possess'd by impious pride,  
 To fatal war by blind ambition led,  
 Forgot thy just requests, thy suit deny'd,<sup>1</sup>  
 And o'er thy fruitful vales destruction spread;  
 Oft from fair EUROPE's kingdoms hast thou  
 fled,  
 To distant climes, and Winter's endless reign;  
 Far from the haunt of men conceal'd thine head,  
 While hostile millions fill'd the embattled plain,  
 And monarchs were dethron'd, and martial nations  
 slain.

Thus, when the pencil bade the canvas shine,  
 And ADON' bled beneath the tusky boar,  
 (Thy work, O TITIAN, or APOLLO thine)  
 Her golden locks the queen of Beauty tore,  
 And stain'd her snowy limbs with crimson gore,

She wept her murder'd love, her lost delight,  
 Then fled with horror from the fatal shore,  
 Back to her sky the goddess bent her flight,  
 And, parting, view'd the earth, and sicken'd at the  
 fight.

Long had GERMANIA's kings, with fury fir'd,  
 Their martial hosts to mutual slaughter sent ;  
 IRENE, from the gathering storm retir'd,  
 And, weeping, left the troubled continent ;  
 Nor yet to ALBION's shore her flight she bent,  
 For o'er the fields she mark'd in bright array  
 Her sturdy swains, on arms alone intent,  
 While her vast navies spread the encumber'd  
 sea,  
 And with their cannon's smoke o'ercast the face of  
 day.

Now fix revolving years their course had run,  
 Each dreadful moment mark'd by hostile rage,  
 Since first the horrors of the war begun ;  
 While EUROPE's states their fatal battles wage ;  
 And half the kings of earth in arms engage ;

One



One dire ACELDAMA GERMANIA lies;  
 Nor spares the ruthless sword or sex, or age;  
 To heaven, amidst the shouts of battle, rise  
 The bleeding matron's groans, the ravish'd virgin's  
 cries.

At length, AUGUSTA, from the silver THAMES,  
 Majestic rose, with lofty turrets crown'd;  
 The form immortal glitter'd on his streams;  
 Such was the mother of the gods, renown'd  
 In CRETE's fam'd isle, and IDA's hallow'd  
 ground;  
 A train of nymphs, in various dress, were seen,  
 Beauteous, and strange, who stood the power  
 around:

To one of smiling looks, and placid mein,  
 With winged words, began the city-crowned queen:

Haste, gracious nymph, on NYSA's hallow'd shore,  
 ' Where LYBIAN TRITON rolls his silver wave,  
 ' Whom, to the Ocean's God, PHOENICE bore,  
 ' By DIAN tended in the secret cave;  
 ' To thee, in happy hour, great NEPTUNE gave  
 ' O'er

‘ O’er all his oceans, and his storms to reign ;  
 ‘ COMMERCE, the awful name thou didst receive  
 ‘ From all the gods : oh haste, to ALBION’s plain  
 • IRENE fair restore, with all her joys again.’

AUGUSTA spoke : her will the nymph obey’d,  
 Light as the feather’d shaft from earth she sprung ;  
 ‘Till ALBION’s sea-beat rocks no more survey’d,  
 O’er wealthy BELGIA’s level coast she hung ;  
 Where RHINE, and MAESE, and SCHELD did  
 roll among  
 Her populous realms, ere-while the Muses’ themes,  
 When of the great NASSOVIAN race they sung,  
 And Commerce had not left those peaceful streams,  
 To dwell in ALBION’s Isle, and grace the banks of  
 THAMES.

From thence, GERMANIA’S various realms she  
 view’d,  
 And mark’d the horrors of destroying war ;  
 The God of battles, red with human blood,  
 O’er slaughter’d armies drove his iron car,  
 Guiding the mangled steeds with gory spear ;

In

In dreadful waste, before their swiftneſs fall  
Kingdoms, and thrones o'erturn'd on earth appear,  
The brazen ranks, the city's lofty wall,  
'Tis one dire ſcene of rage, and deſolation all.

Yon ruins, that the ſable flame hath ſpar'd,  
Were once, ſome haughty warrior's boated ſeat;  
So ſure his ſtrength, ſo ſafe his throne appear'd,  
He ſeem'd ſuperior to the ſtroke of Fate,  
Beyond the power of change, or fortune great;  
Forth from the thicket burſts the Matron's ſcream;  
Ah! where ſhall Beauty find a ſafe retreat!  
While ſlaughter'd thouſands choak the ſullen ſtream,  
And o'er the diſtant hills the burning cities flame.

From theſe fierce ſtates, IRENE, long expell'd,  
To diſtant realms in ſorrow had retir'd;  
When Commerce, on the WESER's banks beheld  
Where Glory near the BRITISH camp appear'd,  
Bright on a mountain heaps of arms uprear'd,  
Like PALLAS, dreadful in TYTANIAN arms,  
Her gorgon ægis through the darkneſs glar'd;  
Her voice the ſhining ranks to war alarms,  
And with heroic flames each hero's boſom warms.

Rous'd



Rous'd by her call, the BRITISH hosts advance,  
 Eager to bleed in battles not their own;  
 For her the filken bands of faithless FRANCE,  
 Glittering, in filed brass, and iron shone,  
 With boastful ensigns gay, so oft o'erthrown,  
 And scatter'd by BRITANNIA'S victor spear;  
 For her, the AUSTRIAN, from her distant  
 throne,  
 Against the bold BORUSIAN pour'd the war,  
 And all her savage hosts rush'd raging from afar.

There, strong in arms, the PRUSSIAN king she  
 view'd,  
 That man of mighty deeds, that lord of war;  
 And, parting swift, her rapid course pursu'd,  
 'Till on the shores of THRACE she heard the  
 jar  
 Of Paynim hosts, and stubborn Janizarre;  
 Now griev'd the vales of PERSIA to survey,  
 O'er whom fell Discord drove her iron car,  
 Still to the distant East she wing'd her way,  
 And pass'd the rapid IND', and gain'd upon the  
 day.

From

From ORMUS South, and CHINA's wealthy shore,  
 To ALBION's chiefs the filken monarchs bend ;  
 Whose fragrant groves their spicy riches bore,  
 Whose blazing mines their hoarded diamonds  
     send,  
 That BRITONS might their helpless thrones de-  
     fend ;  
 Thence, o'er the isles, amidst the INDIAN main  
 That numerous lie, the BRITISH arms extend ;  
 Whose victor fleets uphold their wide domain,  
 While INDIA's fable kings by their permission  
     reign.

As when the fabled JOVE, TYTANIAN Lord,  
 In ancient tale who fill'd the ETERNAL's room,  
 Through GREECE and all her hundred realms  
     ador'd,  
 Whose temple blaz'd amidst imperial ROME,  
 Grac'd with the trophies of a world o'ercome ;  
 From the TARPEIAN rock, whose height de-  
     fy'd  
 The stroke of time, sunk by almighty doom :  
 So fell, on INDIA's coast, the GALLIC pride,  
 And all the Paynim slaves her ruin'd pomp deride.

F f

Though

Though leagu'd with kings, in vain, she proudly  
 stood,  
 And stretch'd her banners o'er the blazing East ;  
 In vain from lofty PONDICHERRY view'd,  
 INDIA'S rich realms, and all their thrones op-  
 press'd ;  
 Kings are by BRITAIN and by CLIVE redress'd :  
 Her strength, the toil of ages, is no more,  
 In ASIAN lands her tyranny is ceas'd ;  
 Heaven hath to BRITISH chiefs transferr'd her  
 power,  
 Theirs are her diamond mines, and theirs her golden  
 ore.

Awhile in air the shining vision staid,  
 And on the wealth of eastern conquest gaz'd ;  
 All the rich spoils of ASIA wide display'd ;  
 The pile on castled elephants was rais'd,  
 Superb, with filken robes, and gems, it blaz'd,  
 And trophied arms, and mingled heaps of gold,  
 Spices, and painted jars ; thereat amaz'd,  
 Exalted transports in her bosom roll'd ;  
 Such were the high rewards that grac'd her BRITONS  
 bold.

Then



Then swift resum'd her flight o'er COREA's sands ;  
 Amidst those savage climes her search was vain ;  
 IRENE dwell'd not in the ASIAN lands,  
 And realms unblest'd, where TARTAR tyrants  
 reign ;  
 Thence she o'erpass'd the waste and desert main,  
 Where storms unhear'd by one another roar,  
 Where various seas contest their wide domain,  
 And hollow oceans roll without a shore ;  
 O ! terrible display of GOD's almighty power !

At length as towering high she cleft the air,  
 Rose like a cloud the distant continent ;  
 Its verdant shores, its shadowy rocks, appear ;  
 Thither, well pleas'd, her wearied flight she  
 bent,  
 And pass'd the stormy clouds in swift descent :  
 Ten thousand furious tribes those kingdoms  
 range,  
 Renown'd for strength, and valorous hardiment,  
 In dress and manner to each other strange,  
 Who oft, as Chance directs, their wandering dwell-  
 ings change.

In vain, their hardy youth were train'd to arms,  
 To hurl the war-axe, and the poison'd dart;  
 Danger, in vain, display'd its savage charms,  
 And love of slaughter fix'd the HURON's heart;  
 Remov'd by nature to the utmost part  
 Of barren earth, beyond the sky-mix'd wave,  
 Strangers to Treason's smile, or Courtier's art;  
 Ah, what avail'd it, to be fierce and brave!  
 Nought could their rights protect, their savage free-  
 dom save.

Oh, fatal thirst of universal power!  
 The curse of millions, and the Tyrant's boast!  
 For this whole nations left EUROPE's shore,  
 Whole nations in those snowy wilds were lost;  
 Here, MONTCALM, chief of many a vanquish'd  
 host,  
 There, youthful WOLFE, in glory's arms were  
 slain:  
 How many deaths did ALBION's conquests cost,  
 Her injur'd rights in battle to maintain,  
 And o'er CANADA's hills, and stormy floods, to  
 reign!

Chac'd

Chac'd from these lands, at length the ambitious

GAULS,

Groaning with fury, and in chains retire :  
 By BRITAIN'S spear her western empire falls,  
 And all her hopes of sovereign rule expire ;  
 Thus, when rough Winter, having spent his ire,  
 Flies with his tempests, and his clouds, away,  
 Sullen and sad ; the joyful swains admire  
 How calm, how lovely, Spring adorns the day,  
 Smiles on the verdant earth, and sparkles on the sea.

Long while the nymph beheld those boundless lands,  
 Those mighty lakes, and every furious stream ;  
 From OHIO'S banks, and MISSISSIPPI'S sands,  
 To HORGEHELA, and LABRADOR BEME,  
 All nations bend before the BRITISH name ;  
 To such an height of empire and renown  
 Had WOLFE, and AMHERST, rais'd their mon-  
       narch's fame ;  
 For, not the chief, who built the PERSIAN throne,  
 Or he, who conquer'd it, such ample realms o'er-  
       run.

There,



There, Victory, from EUROPE's happier clime,  
 Came flying on, in all her splendors dress'd;  
 The Goddess hovers in the air sublime,  
 And darts her glory o'er the reddening West:  
 A triple diadem her temple grac'd;  
 In her right-hand the BRITISH cross she wav'd;  
 The BRITISH star adorn'd her radiant breast;  
 Illustrious scenes were on her shield engrav'd,  
 Of haughty Kings subdued, and suppliant empires  
 sav'd.

Such seem'd the power, when, blazing o'er the  
 plains,

Her stature reach'd the sky, her awful shade  
 Cover'd CANADA's realms; as when the swains  
 With sudden fires the mountain heath invade;  
 The savage tyger sees the flash dismay'd,  
 Forc'd from his native caves enrag'd to fly;  
 The rock's wild caverns are to fight display'd;  
 Loud roaring mounts the dreadful flame on high,  
 Shines o'er the reddening hills, and towers amidst  
 the sky.

Her

Her in the midmost region Commerce past,  
 And hail'd her progress o'er those realms un-  
 known;  
 Sent forth to civilize those regions vast,  
 And spread the influence of great BRUNSWICK'S  
 throne,  
 Through all the journey of the burning Sun,  
 With mighty triumphs grac'd, and spoils adorn'd;  
 At length, her wonderous circuit almost run,  
 Back to fair ALBION'S isle the power return'd,  
 And all her fruitless toil to find IRENE mourn'd.

Now o'er IERNE'S verdant shores she flew,  
 IERNE fam'd for piety and song,  
 'Till SLANY'S rapid waters met her view,  
 Swift as he gush'd MENAPIA'S vales along,  
 Pour'd from an hundred mountains deep and  
 strong;  
 'Twas there, regardless of War's dreadful threat,  
 Of nymphs and swains appear'd a joyous throng;  
 Who sung, inspir'd by Youth's delightful heat,  
 Lays of sweet love, and danc'd with nimble-shifting  
 feet.

There

There rose an hill above the level plain,  
 Like the rich orb that crowns an hero's shield;  
 There from her grassy throne did Nature reign  
 O'er every herb, and flower, that grac'd the field;  
 The rocks beneath a crystal stream did yield,  
 Whose silver-sparkling waves did gently flow;  
 With snow-resembling sheep the sides were fill'd;  
 The winds in every breeze did sweeter blow,  
 Shaking the empurpled rose, that shed its leaves  
 below.

The fluid glass return'd the gaudy skies,  
 And golden clouds the silver waves adorn;  
 Where, intermixt with liquid roses, lies  
 The downward prospect of the orient morn;  
 Nay was there nymph, nay herd, or shepherd  
 born  
 Amidst those vales, but grac'd the jubilee;  
 And brought their rustic pipe, or chearful horn,  
 That the glad sound of their rude minstrelsey  
 Shook'd the wide river's banks, and echo'd to the  
 sky.

The



The hill's green feet were border'd by a wood,  
 Whose matchless height above the clouds did  
 tower;

The awful trees in shady grandeur stood,  
 Shelter to many a beast, to birds a bower;  
 The sweet lark there o'erpass'd her mournful hour,  
 Wood Music's Queen! the linnet there renew'd  
 Her sprightly strain; while, in his kingly power,  
 From some huge oak the beaked eagle view'd  
 His feather'd hosts; the hawk his frighted prey  
 pursu'd.

Here, also, playing on the shadowy green,  
 Were Satyrs, Fawns, and swift-foot Dryades;  
 The Queen of Fairies oft was dauncing seen,  
 And all the troop of woodland Deities;  
 Harping amidst the brakes immortal lays,  
 That kept all bad and hurtful things away;  
 As when thy music, ORPHEUS did repress  
 The stormy HEBRUS, foaming down the Lea  
 And made the noisy waves in all their haste to stay.

G g

And,

And, first, the ambitious palm with branches fair,  
 Rear'd his proud head, aspiring to the sky;  
 The Sun's sad daughters next, whose wild de-  
 spair

Witness'd the Po, that heard their piercing cry,  
 When PHAETON fell flaming from on high,  
 And JOVE's enraged brand his members rent;  
 There was the gnarled oak, with proud defy  
 Meeting the lightning's wrath; the chesnut, bent  
 By NORUS' arms, but still the forest's ornament.

There grew immense, the rougher-rinded pine,  
 Of which the great ARGOAN ship was fram'd;  
 Whose lofty top the forests did incline  
 When shook by winds, there was the laurel,  
 nam'd

APOLLO's tree, by Bards and Heroes claim'd;  
 The gloomy holm that haunts the watry vale;  
 The wicked lote, of dark oblivion fam'd;  
 The mournful cypress, sign of deadly bale;  
 The ash, the weeping fir, the forlorn willow pale;

The

The stubborn yew, long borne by BRITONS bold,  
 Their hosts when EDWARD, and fierce HENRY  
 led ;

The ivy that with wanton arms doth hold,  
 And round the poplar her lythe branches spread,  
 The pointed holly rear'd his verdant head ;  
 The myrtle, mindful of her ancient crime ;  
 And that strange tree where faithful THISBE bled ;  
 The brittle ash, that lifts its top sublime :

The elm, around whose boughs the enamour'd vine  
 doth climb.

In this so pleasant forest, oft did sport,  
 Of old, so FICTION tells, the Queen of love ;  
 Nor more to proud CYTHÆRON did resort,  
 Or IDA, where immortal beauties strove ;  
 Hither, swift stooping from the realms above,  
 Commerce approach'd ; and heard the pleasing  
 sound

Of flutes, and harps, that gentle thoughts did  
 move ;

And saw a troop of ladies dancing round,  
 Who with their tuneful feet did shake the hollow  
 ground.



These were the nymphs that in the plains delight;  
 Content, and smiling Truth, and Constancy;  
 And Innocence array'd in virgin white;  
 And spotless Faith, with heaven-erected eye;  
 And blissful Youth, and pleasing Chastity;  
 With these, the daughters of sky-ruling Jove,  
 And Ocean's ravish'd nymph, EURINOME,  
 Y-clept the Graces three, who wait on Love,  
 And haunt the CYPRIAN isle, or CARIA's hallow'd  
 grove.

Amidst the rest, like DIAN' forest queen,  
 IRENE sported in the pleasant shade,  
 With modest grace, and comely carriage seen,  
 In dress a village nymph; for she had laid  
 Her crowns and sceptres by, with which she play'd  
 When in the courts of Kings; each graceful limb  
 In humble sylvan weed was fair array'd,  
 And wreaths of flowers her flowing robes did  
 trim;  
 Her all the virgin train their goddess did esteem.

To whom descending from the midmost air,  
 The joyful errand COMMERCE 'gan relate—  
 ' Sent by AUGUSTA, goddess, I repair  
 ' To win thy dear return to ALBION's state;  
 ' Wild Discord, which disturb'd the earth so  
 late,  
 ' Dreadfully riding on the vengeful blast,  
 ' To pour the wrath abroad of angry Fate,  
 ' From her red hand the writhen bolt hath cast;  
 ' And Ruin stalks no more along the fearful waste.  
 ' Tir'd with the horrors of the martial storm,  
 ' The kings of earth forsake the raging deep;  
 ' Though still, abroad, fell Slaughter's gory  
 form  
 ' Of half GERMANIA's states domain doth keep,  
 ' Acting dire crimes, at which Revenge might  
 weep;  
 ' But, lo, young BRUNSWICK bids the tumult  
 cease;  
 ' And Glory, hovering o'er the chalky steep,  
 ' Sounds with her lofty trump to human race,  
 ' That victor ALBION grants imploring nations  
 peace.

She

She spoke ; with smiles IERNE swift reply'd ;  
 Such smiles as in angelic looks appear,  
 The souls of martyrs when to heaven they  
 guide—

• Oh blissful period of destructive war !  
 • 'Tis mine, the waste of conquest to repair,  
 • And smiling plenty o'er the land restore ;  
 • For ALBION'S king demands my chiefest  
 care,  
 • My blessings shall uphold his righteous power,  
 • And, in his reign, ambition curse the world no  
 more.

• Nor, fair IERNE, mindless of thy state,  
 • From thee to greater ALBION I remove ;  
 • Who in mine exile gav'ft a safe retreat ;  
 • My choicest favours thou shalt ever prove,  
 • Oh land, so highly favour'd from above !  
 • Where Freedom roves amidst the chearful  
 swains,  
 • The blissful haunt of Innocence, and Love ;  
 • Where rosy Health walks smiling o'er the  
 plains,  
 • And Nature in luxuriant blessings reigns.

• Of



- Oft have I wander'd o'er thy shadowy fields,
  - And in sweet musing spent the silent night ;
  - While every vale its native fragrance yields,
  - How still the forest ! and the stream how bright,
  - Its bosom silver'd with the Moon's pale light !
  - Here, undisturb'd with war's destructive rage,
  - Secure from rapine, and the waste of fight,
  - Thy vigorous sons in peaceful arts engage,
  - Or see a duteous race support their feeble age.
- 
- Here, too, returning from the glorious war,
  - Shall each stern foldier reach his native shore ;
  - Loaded with spoils, and grac'd with many a scar,
  - Which nobly in his country's cause he bore ;
  - When vanquish'd GALLIA shrunk beneath her power,
  - With all her captive fleets, and slaughter'd hosts ;
  - While their lost fame the IBERIAN chiefs deplore ;
  - For nought remains to guard their fenceless coasts,
  - Of all those navies huge, whose conquest Pocock boasts.

• Then

" Then shall the monumental marble tell  
 " Of all the illustrious dead the hapless doom,  
 " The chiefs, who bravely fought, and greatly  
   fell,  
 " While future heroes to their graves shall come,  
 " Like youthful AMMON to PELIDES' tomb;  
 " Their lofty deeds while many a poet sings;  
 " Meantime, all glorious from a world o'ercome,  
 " Shall ALBION'S monarch-calm contending kings,  
 " And mark each nation's bounds, adjusting doubt-  
   ful things.

" BRITAIN, which hurt by no intestine jar,  
 " Able to ruin, studious how to save;  
 " Safe in her seas, defies the world in war!  
 " All fair her daughters, and her sons all brave!  
 " Umpire of Earth, and mistress of the Wave!  
 " Lo, at her voice the distant slaughters cease;  
 " For laws to haughtiest potentates she gave:  
 " Long may her councils guide EUROPA'S  
   peace,  
 " And endless empire crown the mighty GUELPHIAN  
   race.

Thus

Thus spoke the goddess, then with joy obey'd  
 AUGUSTA's call, and fought the silver THAME,  
 Attendant on the fair NISÆAN maid;  
 Their flight I mark'd from SEANY's noisy stream,  
 And, fond of fancy, and a poet's name,  
 Deep struck the conscious lyre with daring hand;  
 Bless'd, if, while others gain a loftier fame,  
 Amidst the bards of my lov'd native land,  
 Of glory not devoid, nor loyalty, I stand.



## O D E.

Written AUGUST 1751.

**T**HE sun in glory, wins his way,  
 And pours around refulgent day;  
 The wide horizon glows with fire,  
 No balmy breeze to assuage the flame;  
 To yonder harbour I'll retire,  
 And shade me from the noontide beam.  
 The fainting herds forsake the mead,  
 And, panting, seek the grateful shade.  
 The wanton steed, whose ample veins  
 Impetuous boil with generous blood,  
 Eager deserts the thirsty plains,  
 And laves him in the limpid flood.

Yonder the wearied reaper stands,  
 The scythe forsakes his nerveless hands——  
 All rest, except the strenuous bee;  
 She, vigorous at this sultry hour,  
 From leaf to leaf expatiates free,  
 And flies, and toils from flower to flower.

Lo!

Lo! where yon beach, with ivy bound,  
Its verdant foliage stretches round ;

A faithful youth, and tender maid,  
By Nature's simple beauties grac'd,  
Recline beneath the friendly shade ;  
And joys, unknown to greatness, taste.

Ah! would my lov'd THERANIA deign,  
With one kind smile to bless her swain !

Thus, rapturous, on her face I'd gaze,  
That face which beams seraphic charms—

Thus, to my lips, her hand I'd raise ;  
Thus, ever clasp her in my arms.

Far from the whirl of busy life,  
From hurry, folly, fraud, and strife,

Smoothly along the peaceful tide  
Of blissful time, we'd float away ;

Steer down's life's bosom, side by side,  
And launch into the eternal sea.

What means this tumult? Why, my heart,  
Throb'st thou, transfix'd, as with a dart?

H h z

Ah,

Ah, whence this trembling? why thus shrink  
 My inmost thoughts, and damp my soul?  
 Why do my limbs enfeebl'd sink?  
 And life's chill'd fluid backward roll?  
 Begone, thou false intruder, Love!  
 Nor longer tempt my thoughts to rove.  
 What! wilt thou ever thus torment?  
 Can no recess thy wilds elude?  
 Incessant shall my heart be rent?  
 And pierc'd the deepest solitude?

Even when pale CYNTHIA's silver robe,  
 Has mantled o'er the drowsy globe;  
 When Night, still goddess! shrouds the sky;  
 And Nature sinks in soft repose;  
 When ravening wolves to covert fly;  
 And dungeon'd Slaves forget their woes.  
 Even then, estrang'd to needful rest,  
 Unruly passions tear my breast,  
 Still, still she moves before mine eyes—  
 That form august! that face divine!  
 But oh! my heart within me dies,  
 She never, never can be mine.

Why



Why do I thus embrace my bane ?

Why cherish what but gives me pain ?

Fortune and rank, *Therapia* raise,

Far, far above my humble sphere ;

No more I'll roam in Fancy's maze,

Alas ! it leads but to despair—

Thus, in her absence, I complain ;

She's present—and I grasp my chain ;

Gaze on her charms with ravish'd eyes ;

Drink deep of love at every breath ;

Still gaze, though that way madness lies ;

Still drink, though every draught is death.

COLBS-

COLESHILL:\*

AN ELEGY.

INSCRIBED TO

T. . . . . S. . . . ., Esq.

WHEN, lonely, on far distant climates cast,  
The weary pilgrim, resting from his toil,  
Chearless and pale, a world of peril past,  
Sees some known relick from his native soil;

Fix'd, bless'd event! in pensive joy he stands,  
His cares, awhile to soft oblivion given;  
He drops the crozier from his trembling hands;  
He steals one sigh from his lov'd saint, and heaven:

\* Written at the Swan in COLESHILL, on the way to LONDON, on seeing some passages in a news-paper, extracted from a poetical epistle, lately published by the gentleman to whom it is addressed, whose assistance and friendship the author shall ever consider amongst the happiest incidents of his life.

But,

But, should, perchance, the sweet memorial bear  
 Some stamp of worth peculiarly impress'd,  
 Should friendship mark some kindred traces there,  
 Then, then, what ardours heave his panting breast!

So, even now, my pensive bosom glows,  
 As o'er thy sterling lines I cast my eye;  
 My pains, suspended, sink into repose,\*  
 And lo! once more, my slender reed I try.

Though small my skill to touch the various lyre,  
 The Nine to me though niggards of their aid,  
 My humble ivy dare to fame aspire,  
 Beneath thy sacred laurel's friendly shade †—

Well know'st thou COLESHILL, seat of calm de-  
 light,  
 A swelling mount with bowery dwellings crown'd,  
 How fair in prospect breaks it on the sight!  
 How rich the EDEN of the country round!

\* The writer was, at this time, in a very ill state of health.

† Alluding to several beautiful pieces of that gentleman's,  
 which enrich this publication.



The Muse, still grateful, loves the sylvan scene;  
 Nor is the genius of the people rude,  
 Humanity, and courage grace the men;  
 The nymphs all beauteous, sensible, and good.

Bleak was the night, and sore my mind oppress'd,  
 When hither, first, I sadly bent my way,  
 My frozen blood scarce crept in my torn breast;  
 And all one trackless waste drear nature lay.

Fierce beats the tempest on my houseless head;  
 Dire pealing thunders round my temples roll;  
 Wide o'er the vale the foaming torrents spread;  
 And instant fate horrific chills my soul.

Bless'd be the hand, which then, with timely power,  
 Humanely strong, and generously brave,  
 Approach'd the traveller in his needy hour,  
 And snatch'd the Poet from a watery grave!

\* The Author owes this tribute of acknowledgement, for the benevolent assistance he received from some of the inhabitants of COLERNELL, when, in the month of DECEMBER, a few years ago, he was in imminent danger of being drowned, near that place; a humane waggoner providentially came to his relief, and saved him; as above described.

Bless'd

Bless'd too the ancient hospitable pair!  
 Thrice bless'd their mansion, humble though it be!  
 Whose honest tongues bade cordial welcome there;  
 She RAUCUS kind, and good PHILEMON hear.

In vain was press'd some earnest of regard,  
 The meed of virtue ne'er let man forget;  
 They conscious duty held supreme reward—  
 Blush, blush, ye vultures of the sinking state!

Can strangers thus, be to a stranger kind,  
 And every melting soft sensation know?  
 And can the loveliest of her sex be blind,  
 And not one touch of generous pity show?

But such is oft the lovelorn wanderer's lot;  
 Such oft, sweet bard, the muse declares was thine;  
 Oft small offences years of service blot;  
 And such, O pain to think it! such was mine.

I saw a maid of every charm possess'd;  
 I thought her soul, presuming youth! my own:  
 THERANIA smil'd, then I indeed was bless'd;  
 THERANIA chang'd, and then I was undone.

Could poets paint the hapless lover's smart,  
 But half his anguish could the reader see,  
 The vital drops that visit my sad heart,  
 Would shew less dear than her sweet smiles to me.

Her soul was mine—she knew not to deceive—  
 And if she chang'd, mine was the crime alone—  
 Must I my fatal error ever grieve?  
 And must my life, can nothing less, atone?

Ignoble breasts, with vulgar notions fraught,  
 To fell resentment may their souls resign;  
 Great minds should know, by purer maxims taught,  
 "To err, is human; to forgive, divine."

I had a friend too, next *Therania*, dear;  
 So much belov'd, who could ungrateful be?  
 But, bliss, we are told, comes always insincere,  
 In love, in friendship, so it proves to me.

Of love, of friend, of health, of all bereft!  
 Bereft of all! O, 'tis too much to bear!  
 No gleam of hope! no ray of comfort left!  
 Death, Death alone can med'cine my despair.



The conflict's past!—no longer I complain,  
 No longer I my wayward fate deplore;  
 Let but a few short moments intervene—  
 The dull, insipid dream of life is o'er.

## V A L E S U S :

A N

## E C L O G U E.

*Blum etiam Lauri, illum etiam flevit Myricæ.*

VIRG. Ecl. x.

**M**ORRIS, and THYRSUS, who at early dawn,  
 Were wont to join their flocks upon the lawn,  
 And, chearful, o'er the dewy herbage stray,  
 And sing, or chat, and view their lambkins play;  
 Now, late at eve, beneath an ancient oak,  
 Whose withen boughs had felt the stormy stroke,  
 Met, silent long with heart-oppressing pain,  
 'Till THYRSUS first bespoke his fellow-swain.

Why thus o'erclouded? We, that wont to meet  
 With joyful looks of salutation sweet?  
 O vain demand! I read the sad reply,  
 Too plain, alas! too certain in thine eye;

One

One fate, one mutual loss, we both deplore;  
O fears fulfill'd! VALENS\* is no more!

VALENS is no more! the swain reply'd:  
With Him the spring hath lost its wonted pride;  
The primrose withers, ere its bloom is spread;  
NARCISsus, humbler, hangs his drooping head;  
The sickening sun neglects his famish'd flowers,  
With sable brow the sorrowing welkin lowers:  
Weep on ye fields; nor let your tears be dry'd  
By chearing suns, nor wear your vernal pride;  
Be clad, ye flocks, 'till wintry age returns  
In mournful sable; for, VALENS mourns.  
Ah, THYREUS, had you seen the widow'd fair,  
When, as her bosom caught the silent tear,  
She sooth'd her tender young with sister's green,  
And chid their sorrows, and betray'd her own;  
Then sudden to sequester'd shades withdrew,  
Where mixing cypress meets the mournful yew—  
Each blast was hush'd, the vocal forest slept,  
And PHILOMEL sat silent, while she wept.

\* His Royal Highness FREDERICK, Prince of Wales.

• Huc,



• Here, then, at least, shall sorrow sow its cares :  
 • Ye dearest pledges ! guiltless of your tears ;  
 • Far utter'd, far from you, the sounds shall die,  
 • Nor grief infect you with a mother's sigh :  
 • Ye bowers alone be partners of my woe ;  
 • Now, all uncultur'd shall your branches grow ;  
 • The bramble, now, and pointed thorn combin'd,  
 • And thistle rude, will fret your tender rind ;  
 • And thistles, too, my budding vines may wound,  
 • Now, from their fond support by storms unbound,  
 • Like you, of culture, and of care bereft,  
 • No gardener with the little nurslings left,  
 • No loving, cautious hand to guide their growth,  
 • And prune, and prop the tender branch of youth.  
 • Ye birds, that lonely wander through the grove,  
 • Haply, like me, ye mourn your ravish'd love :  
 • No more shall he return with evening food,  
 • Hang o'er the nest, and kiss his callow brood ;  
 • No longer sooth your sleep, at setting day,  
 • With notes love-labour'd \* from the neighbouring  
     spray :

• To the night-warbling bird, that now awake  
 Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song.

MILTON.

• In

- ' In vain ye watch, and think his absence long;  
 ' Alas! the spoiler's hand hath quench'd his song.  
 ' O Love, from my embrace thus rudely wrench'd,  
 ' How is my bliss in one sad moment quench'd!  
 ' With thee, rejoic'd the sprightly morn arose;  
 ' And sweet, with thee, was evening's gentle close:  
 ' Thy song was softer than the linnet's lay,  
 ' Thy voice like ZEPHYR when he breaths on  
     MAY;  
 ' Thy converse milder than the cool retreat  
 ' That wont to shade us in the noon-tide heat:  
 ' Now, morn, and eve, and noon, unnotic'd fleet,  
 ' A heap of time, depriv'd of every sweet.  
 ' Now, shall I see the pledges of our love,  
 ' A flock unsenc'd through pathless desarts rove;  
 ' Their shepherd gone, like frightened lambs they  
     shake,  
 ' And dread the wolf in every rustling brake:  
 ' Haste, my VALESUS, hasten to thy charge,  
 ' Night comes apace, and foxes roam at large;

————— then with voice  
 Mild, as when ZEPHYRUS on FLORA breathes.

MILTON.

' Come,

- \* Come, hush thy shivering young from midnight  
bleak,
- \* The spring is tardy, and thy lambskins weak;
- \* Frightful, of late, the northern blasts have howl'd;
- \* Their infant fleeces ill defend the cold——
- \* Ah me! thyself art colder still than they;
- \* Dark is thy lodging, and thy bed of clay.'

While, all desponding, thus she sigh'd her cares,  
And mix'd her grief with evening's dewy tears,  
The sickly moon, from yonder mountain's head,  
O'er her pale cheek a paler sadness spread;  
The hollow-breathing groves return'd her sighs;  
The watery pleiads clos'd their weeping eyes;  
Lull'd by her plaints, the feather'd warblers slept,  
And, mournful in their dreams, responsive wept.

### T H Y R S U S.

Enough my MORRIS, cease thy moving strain;  
VALERIA'S grief is shar'd by every swain:  
Oft, in these vales, each shepherd shall record  
The looks benign, the bounties of their lord;

Could



Could sorrow sow Compassion in the tomb  
 And make the blasted grass of life to bloom,  
 Each bosom should with prayers unwearied fight,  
 And tears incessant flow from every eye:  
 But, dews sink fruitless in the burning sand;  
 Clouds moisten all in vain the briny strand;  
 The river-water'd rock no pasture bears,  
 Nor yields the grave a harvest to our tears.  
 Raise, then, to better hopes your languid eyes:  
 A ray bursts on me through the sable skies!  
 Behold VALENTUS' fire in arms renown'd,  
 Vigorous in age, with recent trophies crown'd,  
 Stretching to Fame beyond the narrow span  
 That erst was deem'd to bound the reach of man;  
 Beneath the conduct of his arm, shall rise  
 The chief-born pledge of fair VALENTA's ties;  
 With equal ardor tread the paths of Fame;  
 And share alike his glory, and his name.  
 Behold the hero catch each kindred blaze,  
 His grandfire's splendor, and his uncle's rays;  
 From mild VALENTA shine with softer fire,  
 And kindle every star that grac'd his fire,  
 To gild his rising fame with early light,  
 The changing year revolves with swifter flight,

The rapid months in other order run,  
 And Time, impatient, gains upon the sun.  
 I see the youth begin his glorious race;  
 Triumphal shews each rising annal grace:  
 Lo! Victory before his chariot flies;  
 Breathless beneath its wheels Rebellion lies;  
*ASTREA* guides it with her virgin hand;  
 Peace wreaths his laurels round her olive wand;  
 The horn of Plenty flows; the Muses smile;  
 And wafted sweets reach every *BRITISH* isle;  
 Her floods, her shores, her echoing hills rejoice:  
 Awake, *VALESA*, hear *BRITANNIA*'s voice;  
 Awake; or, if thy sorrows call for rest,  
 Smile, as thou sleep'st, and be in visions blest.

# M O E R I S.

Prophetick be thy lips, prophetick, sure,  
 So light my bosom drinks their lenient cure;  
 The streams of life with wonted vigour glide;  
 And the glad heart receives a warmer tide.  
 But, come, while gentle dreams their pinions spread  
 With soft refreshment o'er *VALESA*'s head,

Fond.

Fond, let us walk her sacred mansions round,  
 And distant banish each unhallow'd sound :  
 Renew'd with her, the smiling hours shall rise,  
 And catch the brightest omens from her eyes.



THE  
TEMPLE OF GLORY.

INSCRIBED TO

THE MERITORIOUS.

'T WAS when HYPERION, rushing o'er the  
sky,

With loos'n'd reins, had pass'd the Ram and Steer,  
And, clad in fire, approach'd, where, blazing  
high

In heaven, the 'Twins' blue palaces appear ;  
Pranking in flowery robes the meadows clear :  
While bland AURORA, gorgeously bedight,  
In th' azure mantle of the vernal year,

Dropping with pearls, and fring'd with silver  
bright,

Led forth, in radiant lines, the splendid hosts of  
light :

It chanced me, beside the verdant shore,  
 Of crystal-streaming THAMESIS to stand,  
 Where ancient WINDSOR rear'd his turrets hoar,  
 Majestic dome! the boast of BRITAIN'S land,  
 Seat of her kings, and station of command.  
 Nor haughty ROME, nor greater BABYLON,  
 Nor that proud city on PHOENICIAN strand,  
 In majesty, or grandeur this outshone;  
 Nor CUSCO, erst where flam'd the great INCAYAN  
 throne.

Sacred to JOVE the lordly oaks were seen  
 Wide o'er the plains to sling their awful shade,  
 Crowning the hills with DODONEAN green;  
 The castle's walls were gloriously array'd  
 With ancient trophies, from on high display'd,  
 And hostile banners gain'd in former times  
 By EDWARD'S arms, or HENRY'S, when they made  
 The GAUL weep blood for haughty VALOIS' crimes,  
 Heroic theme, I deem, of many a Poet's rhimes.

Beside the river's bank, a stately frame  
 For some imperial triumph seem'd prepar'd:  
 With hundred pillars fronting fair the same;  
 The magic roof of crystal strange was rear'd,  
 High blazing in the clouds the dome appear'd;  
 The

The gate by labouring winds was open thrown,  
 Loud issuing thence a trumper's voice was heard,  
 That call'd the kings of earth before a throne,  
 Where Glory, martial form, in robes magnific shone.

Stretch'd at her feet, the crowns of monarchs lay,  
 And filken standards bright in figur'd gold,  
 The spoils of conquer'd realms, in proud array  
 And instruments of war, in heaps uproll'd,  
 Proclaim'd the deeds of many a Baron bold ;  
 Justice before the throne her balance held ;  
 Recording Truth appear'd, and Chronos old ;  
 There Wisdom, resting on her gorgon shield ;  
 Fame with her brazen voice the lofty palace fill'd.

Ye kings (she cry'd) ye chiefs of earth appear,  
 Who nobly fought renown, and toil'd for praise ;  
 Who punish'd tyrants by the sword of war,  
 Or pass'd in peaceful arts your happier days,  
 Cherish'd fair Science, or the Muses' lays ;  
 Approach—the crown from Glory's hand receive,  
 Shadowing your temples with immortal bays ;  
 The crown that Virtue offers to the brave,  
 The wise, the good, the just, that blooms beyond the  
 grave.

The



The goddess spoke : Two mighty kings advance ;  
 The one, tremendous like the warrior god,  
 With bruised helm, and gore-discolour'd lance ;  
 Tremendous, to the lofty dome he strode,  
 And, blazing, 'midst the sculptur'd portal stood ;  
 Fierce was his gait, and sullen was his frown ;  
 Their hero's steps an hardy band pursu'd,  
 All sons of MAJORS, ne'er in arms o'erthrown,  
 Unshaken, who preserv'd their furious monarch's  
 throne.

Him knew the goddess for BORUSIA's lord,  
 To WALPURG's haughty race a fatal foe ;  
 Oft had her armies sunk beneath his sword,  
 Which laid GERMANIA's proud electors low ;  
 Heaven's instrument of vengeance here below :  
 Still unimpair'd his dread puissance stood,  
 Though thousand thunders pointed at his brow,  
 Still, through his camps relentless millions flow'd,  
 Boasting his stern command, and thirsting after blood.

Beside his king the hoary SCHWERIN press'd,  
 The bloody standard in his hand he wav'd ;  
 As when, at PRAGUE, in martial terrors dress'd,  
 The AUSTRIAN thunder this stern chieftain brav'd,  
 And, crown'd with fame, a warrior's death receiv'd :  
 Next,

Next, WINTERFIELD, to every muse a friend ;  
 ZETHEN, and SEDLITZ, yet from slaughter sav'd ;  
 ANHALT, and KEITH, heroic pair ! attend,  
 Alike in life renown'd, and glorious in their end.

But, far the noblest of the martial band,  
 Of gentle manners, dauntless, and sedate,  
 Obedient to his brother's fierce command,  
 The PRUSSIAN HENRY stood ; in battle great,  
 Oft had his wisdom sav'd their falling state ;  
 When FREDERICK, at his walled realms enrag'd,  
 Rush'd on to war, and gave th' event to Fate,  
 His shatter'd host the hero disengag'd,  
 And, dreadful in delay, the dubious battle wag'd.

Now had the warlike monarch reach'd the throne ;  
 Before him, Conquest, horrid Conquest, went ;  
 Like fierce BELLONA, queen of arms, she shone ;  
 Beneath her ponderous steps the temple bent ;  
 An iron mace, with gorey hands she hent,  
 Roll'd back, like broken waves, the noisy crowd ;  
 Through the vast court her thundering voice she sent,  
 And told, in lofty terms, with gesture proud,  
 Of cities wrapt in flames, and countries drown'd in  
 blood. With

With her, tremendous, in the sacred dome  
 The PRUSSIAN hero sat, near PHILIP's son,  
 Near HANNIBAL, relentless foe of ROME!  
 Dark ATILA, who all the West o'er-run,  
 And him who first the rock TARPÆAN won,  
 Proud ALARICK: but chief distinguish'd there,  
 ZINGIS, and TIMUR, savage Tartars, shone;  
 Their horrid conquests o'er the walls appear,  
 When groaning ASIA pass'd beneath the edge of war.

Them FREDERICK join'd, nor yet his battles ceas'd,  
 Curs'd with the dreadful fame for which he fought;  
 When lo, a Youth, with nobler triumphs grac'd,  
 In equal pomp the throne of Glory fought,  
 Him Peace, and Commerce, to the Goddess brought;  
 BRITANNIA's victor chiefs uphold his train,  
 Whom Liberty, heroic virtue, taught,  
 Whose arms controll'd aspiring BOURBON's reign,  
 The arbiters of earth, the sovereigns of the main.

There, CLIVE, from INDIA's conquer'd thrones re-  
 turn'd,  
 Whose scepter'd vassals own'd his stern commands;  
 There, AMHERST, with an hundred wreaths adorn'd  
 Of savage chiefs, who rul'd those swarthy bands,  
 That haunt, like midnight fiends, CANADA's lands;



BOSCAWEN, there, with naval honours crown'd,  
 And trophies gain'd near LAGOS' burning sands;  
 Victorious HAWKE, from CONFLANS' fall re-  
 nown'd;  
 In triumph PECOCK stood; and martial SAUNDERS  
 frown'd.

Urg'd on to battle, by his country's love,  
 And the fair fame by martial deeds acquir'd,  
 A youthful BRITON shone the rest above;  
 'Twas WOLFE; by Freedom's holy ardour fir'd,  
 Like ROME'S MARCELLUS mourn'd, the chief  
 expir'd;

Pleas'd in the arms of Victory to bleed,  
 Nor higher guerdon his great soul desir'd  
 Than that which ALBION grants heroic deed,  
 Her senate's just applause, his virtue's noblest meed.

Nor Heroes, only, on their monarch wait,  
 To swell his glories with a conqueror's name;  
 But hoary Patriots, old in cares of state,  
 Superior rank to martial leaders claim,  
 A nobler triumph, and a juster fame;

There

There many a Bard of PITT, and Freedom, sings  
 While grateful nations their applause proclaim;  
 To BRUNSWICK's throne his subjects' hearts he  
 brings

An offering seldom paid to heroes, or to kings.

Thus, when in Glory's temple, radiant, stood  
 BRITANNIA's King, and gave the nations peace,  
 Her favourite son, with smiles, the Goddess view'd,  
 And next the ROMAN SCIPIO gave him place,  
 With TITUS, the delight of human race;  
 Far from those tyrants of the earth remov'd,  
 Whose victories their martial fame disgrace;  
 For Kings alone, who sacred justice lov'd,  
 Benevolent to man, the power divine approv'd.

'Twas then, a fair majestic form drew nigh,  
 Amidst a circle of BRITANNIA's Peers;  
 The sacred genius of bright Liberty,  
 Clad like a nymph, that wings of silver bears,  
 And plum'd, as HERMES shooting from the stars;  
 Diamonds, and gold, amidst her tresses glow'd,  
 The BRITISH cross upon her breast appears;  
 Like UNA fair, amidst the Dome she stood;  
 A lion, dreadful fierce, behind the maid I view'd.

In form like ocean's awful deities  
 The BRITISH Sailors spread the noisy shore ;  
 Inur'd to storms, stern natives of the seas,  
 To realms remote their victor flags they bore,  
 And bade, in every clime, their thunders roar ;  
 Marshall'd they stood, a generous, fearless train,  
 From ORMUS South, and strands of rich AURORA,  
 From every stream that fills the ATLANTIC main,  
 Along whose desert coasts the savage INDIANS reign.  
 Those dusky tyrants of their native climes,  
 That bow'd, reluctant, to the BRITISH name,  
 Alone of untam'd nature boast the crimes ;  
 No polish'd enmity their souls enflame,  
 Nor murder, sanctify'd by Glory's name ;  
 Desire's fierce frenzy, in their souls, is love,  
 Ambition, but a wild and barbarous claim ;  
 While fierce in arms the ardent rivals strove,  
 Sullen the female stood amidst the neighbouring grove.  
 Such was the fate of old heroic GREECE,  
 Ere HELENA the PHRYGIAN shepherd charm'd ;  
 Such times gave birth to many an HERCULES ;  
 Against the chiefs of wandering tribes they arm'd,  
 Whose inroads oft their fenceless towns alarm'd ;  
 For



For captive flocks they fought, and lovely dames,  
 Beauty, and hate, the lawless spoiler warm'd;  
 Of ancient songs the memorable themes;  
 Now, in oblivion lost their long-forgotten names.

When thus the goddess, from her lofty throne,  
 The sacred form of LIBERTY address'd—  
 ' O thou, that reign'st in BRITISH hearts alone,  
 ' Queen of this glorious isle! by NEPTUNE grac'd  
 ' With ocean empire, on whose shores are plac'd  
 ' The world's great mart: hence let the nations  
 ' know,  
 ' And distant crowns by ALBION's friendship blest,  
 ' That BRITAIN's King hath spar'd the prostrate  
 ' foe;  
 ' That heaven is pleas'd above, and earth is safe below.  
 ' Proclaim aloud the conquering BRITON's might,  
 ' To whom, in arms, and arts the world must yield,  
 ' To rival states just arbiters of right,  
 ' Oft found superior in the bloody field,  
 ' When their strong war the thrones of kings up-  
 ' held;

, The

- The meaner thirst of conquest far above,
- In justice, virtue, who the world excell'd,
- While ALBION's nymphs each hero's truth approve;
- And they, who march to war for empire, fight for love.
- Proclaim his worth who ALBION's sceptre sways,
- Strong in his armies, stronger in his fleet;
- Whose wise behests the BRITISH world obeys,
- Great in her treasures, in her freedom great;
- How sure his bliss! how permanent his state!
- His spreading map each year shall larger grow,
- New crowns, new empires his acceptance wait;
- While oceans in his circling kingdoms flow,
- And undiscover'd lands to him obedience owe.
- Proclaim his power, the injur'd to redress;
- By tyrant foes his justice uncontroll'd,
- His love of mercy and delight in peace,
- How his brave chiefs chastis'd the vain and bold.
- Where, King of GAUL! shine haughty vaunts of old,
- Thy

- Thy regal fortune, oft in danger try'd,
- Thy conquests, triumphs, by thy poets told ?
- How hast thou bow'd in dust thy stubborn pride !
- And laid the warrior's wreath, inglorious prince,  
aside !
- What grateful thanks to him should EUROPE pay,
- For half her states from desolation freed ?
- Who, for her welfare, gave new worlds away,
- And bade the distant combat cease to bleed.
- Behold ! GERMANIA rears her drooping head,
- And smiles ; her sons triumphant arches raise,
- Rich with his wars, by rescued states decreed,
- To teach their wondering sons a monarch's praise,
- And furnish all their bards with themes for lofty lays.

The Goddess thus great BRUNSWICK's fame display'd,  
 New shouts of triumph through the temple rise ;  
 The glittering throngs with wonder I survey'd,  
 Whose vast applauses shook the vaulted skies ;  
 The powers of Air, and Ocean's deities :  
 At length the radiant vision fades away,  
 Like a thin cloud that from the horizon flies,  
 On whose white skirts, the sun with golden ray,  
 Flings the resplendent blaze of swift-departing day.



Hail, WINDSOR ! Hail, ye venerable shades !  
 New triumphs for your mighty king prepare,  
 Spread, ye vast woods, and smile, ye opening glades,  
 Hither, shall BRITAIN'S Monarch oft repair,  
 Amidst the circle of the Brave and Fair,  
 Far from the toils of state, the pride of power ;  
 As the fierce eagle, ruler of the air,  
 Refrains the thunder, when heaven's wars are o'er,  
 Dwells in the vernal grove, or haunts the peaceful shore.

THE  
CHOICE OF HERCULES.\*

An ODE, for MUSIC.

INSCRIBED TO

The Right Hon. GARRET, Earl of MORNINGTON.

FAIR in a desert wild, where, loud, and strong,  
A full-swoln torrent roll'd it's tide along,  
With anxious doubts his labouring bosom fraught,  
† Step following step, and thought succeeding thought,  
The young ALCIDES stray'd :—before him lay  
Virtue's steep height, and Pleasure's flowery way :  
Ardent he gaz'd, when issuing from a glade,  
Two angel forms his ravish'd eyes survey'd :

\* The writer of this trifle has borrowed a few lines, and half lines, from an elegant little poem of Dr. LOWTH, Bishop of OXFORD, upon the same subject : It is scarcely necessary to add, that they are both indebted to XENOPHON for the fable.

† Thought following thought, and step by step led on.

MILT. Par. Reg.

M m

The

The one, serenely bright, with modest pace,  
 And looks, where mingled dignity and grace,  
 Decent advanc'd; the other younger fair,  
 With roving eye, blush'd cheek, and bosom bare,  
 Danc'd lightly on; around his neck she clung;  
 And thus, with practis'd blandishment, she sung.

Dearest Youth, what doubts distress thee?  
 Lo! I come, to guide, to bless thee!  
 Happiness unfolds her treasures,  
 Slight not thou the offer'd pleasures.

Seek not yonder height to gain;  
 The steps are peril, care, and pain:—  
 Haste with me, for bliss prepare,  
 Fly from peril, pain, and care!

Smooth is my way:—In yonder bowers  
 Pleasure leads the dancing hours:  
 Haste, then, haste, thy prime employ;  
 Each moment lost, you lose a joy.

Dissolv'd in rapture, blest, and blessing,  
 Fancy's utmost wish possessing,  
 Tell the sons of care and strife,  
 Pleasure is the life of life.

Trans-



Transported gaz'd the Youth, while thus she sung,  
 Rapt in the soft enchantment of her tongue :  
 When, lo ! in robe of purest white array'd,  
 Now near-advanc'd the bright majestic maid ;  
 Each charm improving as she drew more nigh ;  
 Heaven's mild effulgence streaming from her eye,  
 Grace in her step ; gently his hand she press'd,  
 And thus, in strain sublime, the awe-struck Youth  
 address'd.

Offspring of Jove, my voice attend,

Nor heed yon syren's artful wiles :—

The joys she brings in anguish end ;

And ruin lurks beneath her smiles.

Wouldst thou assert thy birth divine ?—

To yonder summit turn thine eyes !

There Virtue's hands the wreath entwine,

That lifts the hero to the skies.

Rough though and steep the mountain's brow,

Beset with perils, toil, and care,

There Fame's eternal laurels grow,

And Joy's sweet blossoms flourish there,

Hark! Virtue calls thee—Truth proclaims,  
 That pleasure, rightly understood,  
 Whate'er Vice feigns, or Folly dreams,  
 Dwells only with the wise, and good.  
 She ended smiling, and her heavenly eyes  
 Shot forth a brighter radiance; to the view  
 Now, easier seem'd the ascent; and from the top  
 Flowers of unfading bloom their fragrance threw;  
 Meantime, the Youth beheld, with deep surprize,  
 In that smooth way, erewhile so gaily dress'd  
 The deadly night-shade creep; the thorn start up;  
 And the dark adder rear his spotted crest:  
 Th' illusion vanish'd; and, to fight confess'd,  
 Sloth stood, in native horror:—from her grasp  
 (As one who in his path had spy'd an asp)  
 ALCIDES sprung, and thus his high resolve express'd.

The victory is thine!—  
 Though toils, though cares my steps oppose,  
 On peril, still, though peril grows,  
 Celestial visitant, be Glory mine!

Do

Do thou, sweet maid, my young feet guide:  
 To yonder bright abode,  
 Yon star-crown'd hill, where Virtue's sons reside;  
 Where the Renown'd of ancient days,  
 Heirs of universal praise,  
 Heroes and Patriots trod!

Hear, Parent Jove, the wish sublime  
 That fires my expanding soul,  
 Crown of my toils be this, ! be this my goal !  
 To live, through undecaying time,  
 In Fame's eternal roll !

Thus while the hero sings, each cavern'd rock  
 Echoes the strain, delighted : all around  
 The unseen deities of wood, and stream,  
 Dryads, and Naiads, the sweet nymphs who love  
 The hill's blue summit, and the powers who rule  
 The trackless realms of air, in concert full,  
 The Pæan swell ; and nature's general voice  
 Bursts forth in choral song.—

Mortals, who, benighted, stray,  
 Wandering through Passion's mists, by Reason's fee-  
 ble ray,  
 Hear, and obey !



Hear unerring Truth proclaim,  
 That VIRTUE is the guide to FAME!  
 See, she moves, in radiant state!  
 Mark what blessings round her wait!  
 Soft content that bosom-treasure,  
 Rose-lipp'd health, and smiling pleasure!  
 Join her triumph—Mortals, rise,  
 Mount from earth, and claim the skies!

## AN INVITATION.

To Dr. JUSTAMOND.

COME, JUSTAMOND, partake with me,  
 In humble solitude,  
 Joys, which, though homely, you'll agree,  
 Are rational, and good.

A cup of nut-brown ale I have got,  
 A piece of marbled beef;  
 And happiness which loves my cot,  
 Shall give your cares relief;

If cares can dwell within a breast,  
 Where peace should ever reign,  
 If it be true, as some attest,  
 That Vice alone gives pain:

Then, Vice, I'm sure, can never find  
 A place within your heart,  
 Where all is generous, all is kind,  
 All social, all *sans* art.

Yet, think not that the jolly bowl,  
 Is from my table fled;  
 I'll, likewise, sometimes add a fowl,  
 And pork, the best, home-fed.

Then, I will laugh, as heretofore;  
 And you, my friend, shall sing;  
 My wife, and boys shall cry *encore*:  
 The room with mirth shall ring;

Not such as shakes pale Slander's side,  
While meagre Envy smiles;  
Nor what distorts the face of Pride,

Or gives to Art fresh wiles:  
For, these delight not you, and me;  
Because full well we know,  
It is impossible to see

A perfect man below:  
And, why should we so lose the time

We might much better spend,  
As I do now in harmless rhyme,

Address'd to you, my friend—  
Why should we lose that time, I say,

In scandal, noise, and strife,  
And not pursue the noblest way

Along the vale of life?—  
To scorn the Worthless; praise the Good;

Affist the wretched Poor;—  
Pitying the Frail—for fear we should

E'er want that pity more!

THE END.